

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,046, Vol. 40.

November 13, 1875.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

MINISTERS AT GUILDHALL.

IT is not often that the speech of a Prime Minister at Guildhall is made under circumstances which give it any great importance. Addressing a Lord Mayor who is in the first flush of glory and happiness, who sees endless feasts, much distinction, and a possible baronetcy lying before him, who is in a good humour with himself and all mankind, the Premier naturally praises, in such words as seem most appropriate, himself, the City of London, and the country generally, and nothing more is needed or expected. Occasionally, however, it happens that something is going on, some vague fears are felt, some apprehension as to the policy of the country under threatening difficulties has stolen through the community, which render it desirable that the Premier should have an opportunity of making known to the public his convictions, his information, or his intentions. Although war has not in the last few weeks seemed really near, there has been an uneasy sense that peace might somehow or other be disturbed. China and Turkey have successively reminded England how vast are her interests, and at what distant points she may have to defend herself. Fortunately, Mr. DISRAELI was able to assure his hearers at Guildhall that all immediate danger of a rupture with China is over; but he owned that a month ago he thought it probable that the country would have to face a war of a very disagreeable kind. The Duke of WELLINGTON is reported to have said that the next saddest thing to losing a battle was winning one. And, if this is true of warfare generally, it is especially true of a contest with China. In this case, not the beginning, but the end of strife would be like the letting loose of great waters. We should be set floating by our victory on a flood of troubles; we should probably pull down the only authority to which we could look to see the terms of peace carried out. As Mr. DISRAELI was perfectly clear on the main point, and said decisively that at all costs war would be made unless China satisfied our just demands, he was perfectly at liberty to warn those who might think a war with China a trifle for a country like England that they were very much mistaken. With regard to Turkey Mr. DISRAELI had really something to tell. He was able to express, not only an opinion, but a conviction, that whatever may be the solution of the present very embarrassing state of things, it will be a solution brought about by the Great Powers acting in concert, and that such differences of opinion as may arise will lead to no disturbance of European peace. It is the business of those who are behind the scenes, and are acquainted with the details of what is going on, to judge the temper and spirit with which the parties to negotiations approach their task. Russia, for example, may mean to act fairly, moderately, and frankly, or she may not. Mr. DISRAELI was able to state that he felt certain that Russia was not at present endeavouring to separate her interests from those of neighbouring Powers, and it is much to be sure of this. It is also very desirable, both for England and the world, that there should be no possibility of mistake as to the attitude in which this country approaches the consideration of the very stormy and intricate questions which the state of Turkey raises. As Mr. DISRAELI pointed out, the interests of England in Turkey are not so direct as those of Russia and Austria, but they are as great. It is for those Powers the interests of which are direct, to suggest what should be done, but it is for England to judge whether her great, though indirect, interests are

thereby prejudicially affected. We are often, in dealing with European Powers, at a disadvantage, because we know and they know that, if our advice is not taken and our wishes are not consulted, we do not mean to do anything. This is not the case with regard to Turkey, and it is a very proper mode of maintaining the due influence of England in the current discussions that it should be recorded in a public, though perfectly inoffensive, way, that in this matter England is not a mere passive adviser, but intends to see that what she thinks herself justified in asking for shall receive proper attention.

Prime Ministers always review the past Session when they speak in November at Guildhall; and always say that they are delighted with what occurred during it, and are perfectly satisfied with the part played during it by themselves and their colleagues. Mr. DISRAELI, too, is always especially ready to speak of the Cabinet to which he belongs as gifted with preternatural sagacity, and favoured by a peculiarly benevolent fortune. It was therefore equally appropriate to the occasion and to his personal tastes when he made, not only the most of the recent Ministerial achievements, but more perhaps than any other speaker could have ventured to make of them. Nor is it difficult for a Ministry to show itself in an excellent light when it leaves out of sight all its blunders and shortcomings, and puts a little extra gilding on its successes. The main claim, too, on which Mr. DISRAELI rested his appeal for the admiration and gratitude of the country is perfectly well founded. It is generally recognized that the Ministry means well and tries to please. It is a Ministry not only popular, but deservedly popular. Nor was it difficult to put such objections as have been made to it in a form in which no one has made them, and in which they are easily refuted. Mr. DISRAELI annihilated without difficulty a critic as imaginary as the atheist or worldling of the pulpit, who was supposed to complain that the Ministerial measures of last Session were not sufficiently melodramatic or startling. The real complaint made last Session was that the Government got up a series of mild melodramas by taking up a number of large questions and dealing with them in an unreal and nominal manner. This criticism appears to have stung the Government somewhat sharply, as every Minister in succession tries to show that it was unfounded. The impression is produced that those who are always excusing themselves are also in some degree accusing themselves. Like most criticism, it was partly true, and partly an exaggeration of the truth. There are fields of legislation in which mild and optional measures suffice because they put people in motion who are willing to go. There are other fields where sterner measures are needed. The Ministry laid itself open to criticism when it paraded a system of mild and optional legislation as a kind of universal panacea. The critics were unjust when they intimated that mild measures could never be efficacious; and perhaps it may be allowed that the Ministry judged better than they were supposed to be judging as to some of the cases in which mild measures would suffice. If the farmers, for example, are satisfied, as appears to be the case, with the Agricultural Holdings Bill, considerable credit is due to those whose tact or knowledge enabled them to discern that this mild measure was all that clamorous farmers really wanted.

If any special interest attached to the utterances of any other Minister, some curiosity may have been entertained as to what Mr. WADE HUNT would say about the

navy. If any such curiosity was felt, it was not very well repaid. Mr. WARD HUNT took what may be termed the jolly line about the navy. Of course there will be storms and fogs at sea, but he is always ready to give three cheers for the British Tar. He felt something like a British Tar himself. He had perhaps been on a spree in his time, and got into the hands of land-sharks. As he pleasantly put it, a blunder or two might have been made, but he was all right again and fit for anything. There is no use in discussing his blunders with a man who is in such a frame of mind. When a Minister who is invited to consider seriously matters of serious import, simply offers to shake hands, and says, "All right, old boy," what is to be done with him? Mr. WARD HUNT cannot even see what are the matters of serious import that are raised by recent events in naval affairs. Most people consider that it was a matter of very serious import when the *Vanguard* Court-martial pronounced that the officers in charge, while saving the lives of their crew, utterly neglected to take any measures for saving the ship. Mr. WARD HUNT has nothing to remark except that, after all, the lives of the crew were saved. To think only of the lives saved is the superficial view, and the view natural to those who have nothing to do with the efficiency of the service. It is the business of the official head of the navy to bear also in mind the less pleasant aspect of the affair, and to impress upon all who have to do with him that it is by no means to be considered a trifle if officers neglect to do all that can be done to save a very valuable ship. Mr. WARD HUNT was free from any painful feelings of the kind, and was full of all an official's pride in his office. In eighteen months he has got to think the navy perfect; and if he ever recalls his own views on the subject, he must almost doubt whether he is really himself. Perhaps his recollections of his old state of mind may have been refreshed as he listened to the remarks of Lord CLAUD HAMILTON on the army. Lord CLAUD HAMILTON spoke quite in Mr. WARD HUNT's old vein, and it was greatly to his credit that he did not allow any sensitiveness as to the feelings of his political friends to interfere with the sweeping character of his remarks. He did not affect to say that wise counsels as to the army prevailed just at present, but he trusted that wise counsels might prevail some day. Perhaps much weight ought not to be given to the views of Lord CLAUD HAMILTON as to what wise counsels regarding the army mean. But if youthful and irresponsible criticism is not very valuable, the views of a Minister who sees in his department nothing but perfection are perhaps still less worthy of attention.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

THE nature of General IGNATIEFF's late conversation with the SULTAN can only be conjectured, unless the Russian Government should think fit to publish the instructions under which the Ambassador acted. The statement that his language was similar to that previously employed by the English Ambassador is probable, though it rests on no authority. The desired impression may perhaps have been sufficiently produced by the demand of an audience. There is no reason to suppose that the Russian Ambassador has any new advice to give, or any information to communicate as to the condition of the Turkish provinces; but he may possibly have been directed to prepare the way for a modification of Russian policy. If a general and uncontradicted belief is well founded, General IGNATIEFF has for some time past succeeded to the authority which was formerly exercised at Constantinople by Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE. When Russia, in 1870, formally repudiated the obligations of the Treaty of Paris, the Ministers of the SULTAN proposed to guide themselves absolutely by the decision of the English Government. The Porte would have been willing to resist the encroachments of Russia, but it prudently declined to offer irritating remonstrances if the controversy was destined to end in absolute surrender. The eager and deferential acquiescence of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government in the demands of Russia removed the doubts of Turkish statesmen. From that time they have accepted the dangerous patronage of their ancient enemy, with the advantageous result of obtaining temporary immunity from unfriendly agitation. When the insurrection in Herzegovina broke out the Russian Ambassador recommended

vigorous measures, including the appointment of a Grand Vizier of the old Turkish party, which is not disposed to tamper with rebellion. It is easy to understand the reasons which induce Russia to desire the postponement of events tending to the dissolution of the Turkish Empire. The division of the sick man's inheritance may not be so simple a transaction as it appeared to the Emperor NICHOLAS in 1853. It was known that a party in Austria, if not the Government itself, countenanced the insurrection, and that Montenegro might probably be involved in the struggle as a principal, to the detriment of the dependence of the Principality on Russia. The insurgents accordingly received no encouragement from the Russian Government, and full confidence was expressed in the wisdom of the SULTAN.

The unexpected duration of the disturbances in Herzegovina has apparently altered to some extent the policy of Russia; but there is at present no reason to believe that General IGNATIEFF has substituted demands and menaces for amicable counsels. When the Russian army was on the eve of commencing the war by crossing the Pruth in the autumn of 1853, Prince MENSCHIKOFF caused alarm and indignation by attending the SULTAN in undress uniform. It may be presumed, in the absence of any statement to the contrary, that General IGNATIEFF in his late audience conformed to the ordinary rules of etiquette. Nothing has yet happened which would account for a sudden abandonment of the system of protection which Russia has deliberately adopted towards the Porte. The shock which has been given to the stability of the Turkish Empire may not perhaps have been unacceptable to Russia; but the road to Constantinople is not yet open. It is necessary, as in former times, to take account of the adverse interests of Austria; and the German alliance imposes onerous obligations. The days are past in which the Emperor NICHOLAS could describe Prussian troops as the vanguard of his army. The visit of the Ambassador to the SULTAN may perhaps have been arranged for the purpose of reminding Turks and foreigners that no solution of the present difficulties is possible which is not approved by Russia. That no immediate catastrophe is to be anticipated may be inferred from the expressions of Mr. DISRAELI at Guildhall, and, with more confidence, from the statement of the Emperor WILLIAM to the President and Vice-Presidents of the German Parliament. The intentions of Russia must be well known at Berlin, if not in London. The complications of diplomacy reproduce with wearisome fidelity the inherent difficulties of the Eastern question. It would be difficult for a benevolent politician in the enjoyment of absolute power over events to devise a satisfactory termination of the insurrection or civil war. In any case, and in spite of engagements or of good intentions, the contest will end in the oppression of the Christians, or of the Mahometan residents of the provinces, or of both. Neither the insurgents nor their enemies wish to live together in peace after the removal of definite abuses. The rebel leaders hope to conquer the land for themselves, and to extirpate their Mahometan countrymen. The Porte would be not unwilling to dispense equal justice to both parties; but it has no instruments of impartial government.

The Porte will probably not be harassed in the midst of numerous embarrassments by diplomatic interference in its financial arrangements. Lord DERBY, as might be expected, declines to interfere for the benefit of private creditors, whether their claims are founded on general contract or specially secured. The deputation which was lately received at the Foreign Office undoubtedly urged plausible, and even forcible, arguments in support of the claims of the holders of the loan of 1854. The contractors for the loan were expressly authorized by Lord CLARENDON to declare that, in the opinion of the English Government, the assignment of the Egyptian tribute was valid, and that the statements of the agents of the Porte might be trusted. As it is not the business of a Foreign Minister to interfere in contracts between other Governments and private capitalists, it was naturally and truly assumed that the English Government attached political importance to the success of the negotiation for the loan. A few months afterwards the expediency of affording financial assistance to Turkey was more distinctly recognized by the English and French guarantee of the loan of 1855. The policy of the guarantee was vigorously defended by Lord PALMERSTON and his colleagues against the passionate opposition of Mr. GLADSTONE, who had allied him-

self for the purpose, as soon as he retired from office, with Mr. CORDEN and Mr. DISRAELI. The holders and guarantors of the loan of 1855 are secured by a second mortgage on the Egyptian tribute; and it is therefore contended that the English Government ought to enforce the prior claim of the lenders of 1854. In ordinary litigation it would seldom become the duty of a second mortgagee to insist on the payment of a prior charge. At a later period, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, who had not then subscribed in aid of rebellions against the Porte, facilitated the contraction of a new loan by sending Lord HOBART as a financial Commissioner to Constantinople. The representatives of those who have at different times advanced money with the sanction of the English Government are perhaps disappointed by Lord DERBY's decision. That their hopes were not altogether unreasonable is proved by the admission of the Foreign Minister that his predecessors had perhaps in some degree transgressed the limits of prudence. A Government ought to act on its own responsibility, and only to afford encouragement when it is prepared in case of need to render assistance. Capitalists lent their money, not in deference to the personal opinion of Lord CLARENDON or Lord JOHN RUSSELL, but because they vaguely supposed that the credit of the English Government was indirectly involved in the solvency of the Porte.

Notwithstanding the unusual nature of the case, Lord DERBY was right in refusing to interfere. The holders of the loan must be supposed to have advanced their money in full knowledge of all the circumstances; and they would not have obtained equally high interest if either party to the transaction had considered that the English Government was bound or entitled to enforce on the Porte the performance of the contract. The case is distinguished from other transactions of the same kind only by the officious intervention of successive Foreign Ministers. The distinction between mortgages and simple contract debts may be fairly urged on the attention of the Porte, but it in no way strengthens the claim of any class of creditors on the diplomatic support of the Government. The decree of the Porte has reminded speculators that an independent State cannot be subjected to the restrictions which affect a private debtor. Lenders rely not on any power of legal compulsion, but on the good faith and solvency of the borrowing Government. If interest or principal is withheld, it only remains to denounce the defaulter, and to appeal to public or financial opinion. It is as easy to withdraw an hypothecation of special revenues as to abstain from the performance of any other contract. Some sanguine holders of the secured loans have persuaded themselves that the KHEDIVÉ will deem himself bound as a trustee to continue his accustomed remittances to the Bank of England; but in this matter the Egyptian Government is only the agent of the Porte, and it will pay the tribute as the Sovereign may from time to time direct. Whatever may be the success of the appeal of secured creditors to the equity of the Porte, the funds available for the payment of debt will not be increased by any mode in which they may be distributed. If the mortgagees of the tribute succeed, the general creditors will be mulcted.

THE PRINCE AT BOMBAY.

AS it was in the highest degree desirable that, if the PRINCE OF WALES took the trouble to go to India, his visit should be a marked success, the English public follows with pride and gratification the successive announcements of what he does and of what is done for him now that he is really there. What he does is well done, and what is done for him is well done. It would be impossible to find any one better fitted to fill his part than the PRINCE OF WALES when he has to appear in public and acknowledge a hearty welcome. He has the eminent merit of not being above his work. He is ready to do everything, go everywhere, and speak to everybody. He has in his manner and bearing that mixture of homely geniality and self-respecting dignity which make Royalty at once popular and admired. Everything that could have been done had been done to make his reception at Bombay worthy of the position he holds. The VICEROY came to receive him, native chiefs attended in throngs to pay homage to him, the Parsees added a local touch by praying specially for him in a Fire Temple; reviews, balls, school feasts, foundation stones were

all in readiness for him. As usual, he worked harder than a small farmer trying to save his crops, in order that no one might be disappointed. Levées, visits to chiefs, University receptions, school treats, dancing half the night, telegraphing to England to thank Benchers and the LORD MAYOR for drinking his health on his birthday, presiding over the beginning of new docks, and attending a banquet of two thousand sailors and soldiers, have made various and heavy calls on his strength and time, but have found him always ready to meet the demands made on him. That the impression he has made on every one was in the highest degree favourable is no more than might be expected; but the English at Bombay noticed with especial pleasure and surprise that even the humblest natives showed that they could catch the English art of cheering, and were capable of a loud enthusiasm which was very un-Oriental and gratifying. The native chiefs who came into closer personal contact with the PRINCE had the opportunity of judging what their future ruler is like, and how he is disposed to treat them. There were so many of them that they could not all receive equal attention, and some little jealousy was no doubt awakened in the hearts of those who hoped that they were bigger men than they turned out to be. But, as a body, the native chiefs appear to have been very well satisfied. It was not possible that the PRINCE should address many of them personally; but, where it was possible, he said something special and appropriate. He complimented the Rajah of KOLAPORE on his progress in education, and pointed out that he had had a singularly good opportunity of seeing what an advantage it is to a native prince to be able to converse in English. The little GAEKWAR was of course in attendance, and as his Gaekwarship is a purely English invention, and he is in a special manner our boy, the PRINCE gave him a little paternal advice. If the PRINCE had lectured him for hours he could not have given him more salutary counsel. What the PRINCE exhorted him to do, above all things, was to learn English well and to learn to ride well; and the PRINCE very kindly gave him a whip to start with. There does not seem to be anything very grand in this advice, but it summed up what the GAEKWAR should especially attend to if he is to be a prince of the modern and model type. The little NIZAM did not come, although great pressure had been exercised by the Resident at Hyderabad to make him come. It was urged by way of excuse for his not coming that his health and the health of his mother and the health of his grandmother were all too precarious to admit of his leaving home. The Resident thought, rightly or wrongly, that this general collapse of the princely family was due to a feeling that the NIZAM was too great a person to go to Bombay unless the PRINCE was coming in return to Hyderabad. But the Resident argued in vain, and the boy did not attend. He appears to be a weak child, reared in seclusion, and subjected to the domination of his female relations. If he could but have come to Bombay and have been encouraged by the PRINCE to take to reading and learning English well, it might have done him a great deal of good.

"Tell mamma we are well" was one of the native inscriptions set up to welcome the PRINCE, and the message will no doubt be in some form transmitted and accepted with equal pleasure. As MR. DISRAELI pointed out in his speech at Guildhall, the PRINCE goes to India at a very fortunate time. The famine is over, and the disagreeable Baroda business is over, and India itself is free from war and the rumours of war. Of the Baroda business the less said, perhaps, the better; but not only is it gratifying that there should now be no famine, but the success with which the crisis of the recent famine was met and overcome throws a new lustre on our Indian Administration. Those of the natives who are capable of reflecting at all may have the satisfaction of perceiving that they are in the hands of a Viceroy who does not lose his head when a crisis comes; that a sufficient number of skilled, zealous, and indefatigable administrators is at the command of the Government, and that the English can surmount difficulties of the precise kind to overwhelm the energies and resources of a native ruler. The presence of the PRINCE may also remind them that they live under a very strong Government, a Government more powerful in different parts of the world than any other. Their chiefs, with local histories dating back through centuries, went to render homage to a Prince who is not only their master, but who represents a power that can keep them safe from themselves, from each other,

and from outsiders. Justice and strength are the bases of our Indian Empire. The natives have a salutary conviction that we really mean to treat them justly. They may not always agree with us as to what justice means. We often seem to them to go too fast, to introduce measures for which they are not prepared, to push them faster than they find comfortable in the dreaded path of progress. India is so vast and so various that it is only by slow degrees, and through experiences gained by failure as well as success, that we are learning enough of the population to estimate rightly what is good for it. It is idle to pretend that the natives love us. We often do unpleasant things, and do them in an unpleasant way. But it is much to have inspired the belief that we really try to do what we think best for India, that we honestly set up a reign of law, that we have not two measures of justice according to our convenience, and that there does not rest even a shadow of suspicion on the perfect integrity of our officials. But even before the conviction of our justice comes in importance the conviction of our strength. The visit of the PRINCE of WALES does not precisely make the strength more visible. The PRINCE does not go about with troops and guns, and in the attitude of a conqueror. But the very fact that this is totally unnecessary is a patent testimony to the real strength of his power. His arrival as a mere friendly visitor is a sign of the majesty of the English rule that prevails over the whole of India.

The merit of the English rule in India lies in the general ideas that inspire it, and in the excellence of the general body of Indian administrators. But the Viceroy is the most prominent person in India, and a good Viceroy deserves to have a fitting tribute paid to his virtues and his triumphs. Mr. DISRAELI most properly assumed at Guildhall, as Prime Minister, and as speaking on a special occasion to the English public, the function of proclaiming in what honour their countrymen hold those who in the far ends of the earth maintain the honour or wisely direct the policy of England. Fortunately, the old habit of regarding an official appointed by another political party as a sort of adversary of the existing Ministry has completely died out, and Mr. DISRAELI could not have been more ready to offer a just acknowledgment of Lord NORTHBROOK's services to the Crown if he had himself sent him to India. Mr. WADE furnished another example even more striking, because his services are more recent; and Mr. DISRAELI was honourably anxious that the debt due by the nation to a man who has, it may be hoped, averted a great and imminent war, should be properly acknowledged. It is, however, in most cases accident, and often an accident of a sad character, that brings the excellence of its servants to the notice of the public. The careers of Mr. BIRCH and of Captain INNES have only been made known to their countrymen by the melancholy circumstances of their untimely end. When we read the history of this wretched Malay outbreak, it is difficult to say which feeling prevails—admiration for the officials who are always found everywhere to live and die for their country, or depression under a sense of the irresistible destiny by which England seems against her will to be always driven to do more and more, to undertake new duties, and to fight and govern over a larger sphere. India itself is happily in peace at the time of the PRINCE's visit; but he had hardly landed in Bombay when troops had to be sent from India to avenge the murder of an English official, and to keep up in the East generally the terror of the English name. To regret this is easier than to help it. We do not want to govern the Malay peninsula, or any other peninsula that we can avoid governing. The death of Mr. BIRCH appears to be mainly due to one of those half measures having been tried which it is natural, if not perhaps quite wise, to try when a nation shrinks from seeing its boundaries pushed forward. He was sent to watch where he could not order, and to advise where he could not warn or threaten. He was powerless unless the savage chiefs among whom he was placed chose to respect him and to listen to him, and, instead of respecting him, they have murdered him. The insult to England will no doubt be speedily and amply avenged, and peace—possibly the peace of solitude—will be imposed on the peninsula. But the Malay outbreak is for the moment calculated to give somewhat of a check to the satisfaction with the state of India which the occurrences of the PRINCE's visit awaken. If we could but do nothing more than govern and protect India, we might undertake the task with cheerfulness. But England as a great Asiatic

Power has, in a manner more or less direct, all Asia on her shoulders, and it is a burden hard to bear, although we may not have the slightest thought of not trying to bear it as well as it may be borne.

THE FRENCH ELECTORAL LAW.

THE French Assembly has at length removed with its own hand the one remaining barrier between itself and dissolution. So long as the electoral law had not been settled there was a plea for life always ready to hand. The system under which deputies are elected has never been fairly considered. It was hastily chosen in 1871, from a number of rival systems which had been tried at various times; and the Assembly is certainly not exceeding its functions in subjecting the result of this chance selection to careful revision. In the better days of the present Chamber, however, the electoral law was constantly put aside. The deputies were afraid of the argument that, when once it had been settled how the elections were to be held, there would no longer be any excuse for not holding them. On one ground or another the Bill has been postponed from Session to Session, until the common weariness of all parties has forced the Assembly to admit that it is mortal, and that, being mortal, it is about time for it to die. This autumn, therefore, it has taken up the electoral law with as much earnestness as is left to it. But no country has ever revised its electoral system under so many disadvantages as now attend the process in France. Two chief requisites to success are altogether wanting. There is neither the interest in the subject which supplies motive power nor the absence of party motives which ensures a scientific consideration of the proposed changes. It must be supposed that M. BUFFET has some genuine faith in the virtues of one form of *scrutin* over another; but it is more than doubtful whether his belief is shared by any considerable section of the Assembly. The only matter in which the majority of the deputies are really concerned is their own re-election, and, except in a few cases, it must be exceedingly difficult for any man to say whether his chances in this respect will be better under the *scrutin de liste* or under the *scrutin d'arrondissement*. Most deputies have somewhat more hold upon one part of their constituency than upon another, and under the *scrutin d'arrondissement* this local influence might count in their favour. But, on the other hand, it is a much easier thing to be carried through as one of a list which has the united support of a powerful party than to fight the battle on your own corner of the ground, and with only your own arms. No one can exactly foresee what combination of parties may not be attempted if the deputies continue to be returned by the votes of a whole department, and in this way the *scrutin de liste* has possibilities associated with it which are wanting to the *scrutin d'arrondissement*. On the most important clause of the Bill, therefore, the majority of the deputies probably feel nothing but perplexity, while as regards the other clauses they do not even feel this. Nothing can be more absurd than the arrangement which allows the present debate to be taken as a discussion in Committee in virtue of the Bill having been read a second time some Sessions ago. Every one has by this time forgotten what was then said, and even if the speeches were still fresh in the recollection of the deputies, the position of affairs has so completely changed in the interval that the arguments then used would furnish no foundation for the votes of the present week. Consequently, there has been no debate on the general principle of the Bill—an omission which, as no one even professes to know or care whether it has a principle, is perhaps convenient.

The wishes of the Assembly would have been best consulted by reducing the Bill to the dimensions of a single clause. Little as the deputies may care about the merits of the *scrutin de liste* and the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, they at least knew that important political consequences hung upon their choice. If they were not anxious as to the effect of their vote upon the elections, they could still be anxious as to the effect of their vote upon the Ministry. It is this latter feeling that probably decided the vote of Thursday. If the Government had not made their continuance in office dependent on the acceptance of the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, it is hardly likely that the *scrutin d'arrondissement* would have commanded a majority of thirty-one votes. It is true the majority of the Assembly are strictly

Conservative, and that the *scrutin d'arrondissement* has of late been accepted as the recognized Conservative cry. But there are other considerations than that of taking up the recognized cry which weigh with a certain section of the majority. The Left Centre, which on all essential points is thoroughly Conservative—M. DUBAURE, for example, being in many respects the most typical Conservative in the Chamber—has had of late to consider that it is Republican as well as Conservative, and that its main object at present is to make the Republic as nearly as possible what it wants to see it, a result which can only be achieved by giving Left Centre ideas a preponderance in the new Chamber of Deputies. To ensure this it is of great importance to keep on good terms with the Left during the elections, and the most obvious way of doing this would have been to support the *scrutin de liste*. That the Left Centre did not as a body take this course is to be explained by the same consideration which has probably governed the action of M. DUBAURE and M. LÉON SAY. M. DUBAURE indeed has always been a partisan of the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, but the importance of keeping together the Republican party and making a united appeal to the constituencies would, it may be suspected, have overcome this preference but for the Ministerial difficulty in the distance. It would not be surprising, indeed, if the alliance between the Left and the Left Centre should prove to have survived even the defection of some members of the latter to the *scrutin d'arrondissement*.

M. GAMBETTA's language in the tribune on Thursday was in a great measure a repetition of what he said in his letter to the Lyons Republicans. Amidst all his irony and all his denunciations, he was careful to show that he thought the result of the division a matter of little consequence. This is not the tone of a man who is anxious to secure a majority in a division; it is rather the tone of a man who is already looking beyond the division, and is anxious that, as soon as the division is over, by-gones should be treated as by-gones. This view is borne out by his demand for a secret ballot. Of course his object in asking this may have been to win over to the *scrutin de liste* any deputies who might be willing to vote for it, were it not for the fear of displeasing M. BUFFET, and so losing the support of the Government in the election. But there is another explanation of M. GAMBETTA's policy in wishing the division to be taken secretly. Too much real uneasiness has been felt as to the action of M. BUFFET in the event of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* being rejected to make it at all probable that any timid deputies would have voted against it, even if they could have done so with safety to themselves. The prospect which has been so often hinted at since first M. BUFFET elected to stand or fall with the *scrutin d'arrondissement* might have frightened even the boldest spirits of the Assembly. It was a prospect which the Assembly could have done nothing to change when once the *scrutin d'arrondissement* had been rejected and M. BUFFET had resigned. The situation would then have been in the hands of the Executive, and the Legislature would have had no choice but to sit still and see what the Executive might choose to do. Under these circumstances M. GAMBETTA may easily have been anxious as to the effect of his own speech, and have wished to make an opportunity for the Left Centre—perhaps even for some of his own followers—to show more regard for consequences than for consistency. Apparently, however, M. BUFFET either distrusted the result of a ballot, or felt so confident of a majority that he preferred to carry his captives in triumph off the field. The demand for a secret ballot was rejected, and the first vote given in favour of the *scrutin de liste* was given by M. THIERS. The conversion of the ex-President to the views of the Left on this question will perhaps be accepted as making amends for the conversion in the opposite direction of deputies of less note. Few victories have brought less personal fruit to the conqueror than this decisive division promises to bring to M. BUFFET. It is not pretended even by its members that the present Cabinet can pursue a common policy when once the elections are over. The first serious act of the new Chamber will almost certainly be to discard the Minister for whose momentary retention in power all parties, except the Extreme Right, are ready to make so many sacrifices.

MR. FORSTER AT EDINBURGH.

IN the course of last week Mr. FORSTER delivered at Edinburgh two speeches extremely unlike one another, and both characteristic of himself. The earnest and single-minded devotion to practical objects which has done much to attract public confidence was, not very opportunely, exemplified in Mr. FORSTER's acknowledgment of the freedom of the City of Edinburgh. Complimentary presentations and addresses require formal and ornate answers, which are not less appropriate if their workmanship excels the material on which it is employed. Mayors and Provosts on such occasions come not to be taught, but to be thanked in phrases of modest pride not unmingled with judicious eulogy. The greatest living master of the art of graceful and conventional oratory is Mr. DISRAELI; and speakers wholly unlike him in disposition and genius may profitably study a model which they can but imperfectly copy. Mr. FORSTER adopted an opposite style of more than vernacular familiarity; and after a few careless sentences he proceeded to improve an occasion which ought to have been supposed to need no improvement. His audience had to take pains to show that they were satisfied with Mr. FORSTER, and there can be no doubt that, as intelligent Scotchmen, they were satisfied with themselves. That at suitable times and seasons Mr. FORSTER should be anxious to defend his own school legislation is perfectly natural. Although the factious clamour which was raised against him by angry sectaries has partially subsided, the more pugnacious Dissenters and Secularists still resent his moderation and prudence. Nearly at the same time at which Mr. FORSTER was speaking at Edinburgh, his late colleague, Mr. STANSFELD, took occasion to denounce the imperfections of the Education Act. The objection to Mr. FORSTER's remarks is not that they were unsound or injudicious, but that they substituted a polemic argument for a rhetorical or decorative discourse. Mr. FORSTER did himself injustice when he facetiously professed to have undertaken the task of educating Englishmen because he observed and envied the aptitude of Scotchmen for getting on in the world. His motives were really nobler, and they deserved serious exposition.

The earlier and more elaborate essay on colonial prospects was more interesting than a fragmentary contribution to a hackneyed controversy. Mr. FORSTER has always sympathized with the historical and imaginative school of political theorists, though he is the political ally of utilitarian and cosmopolitan Liberals. Mr. GLADSTONE is apparently either above or below the weakness of patriotic egotism. If anything good or great is to be done in the world, he would as willingly assign the task to France or to Russia as to his own country. During his administration it was useless to propose a Polar expedition, because it was possible, and because it seemed to the Government not undesirable, that foreigners should finally achieve the triumph at which English navigators had been aiming for three hundred years. In the same spirit the colonies were from time to time warned that they were unprofitable possessions, and that they were welcome at any moment to withdraw from their metropolitan relation. In a late debate on the Fiji annexation Mr. GLADSTONE urged as an argument against the measure the gradual and unforeseen process by which New Zealand had become an English colony. It was nothing to him that a great and flourishing community had been founded on a savage cluster of islands. The establishment had cost so many millions which might have been spent in purchasing Terminable Annuities; and honour, power, and the spread of civilization were not for a moment to be set against the cost. To Mr. FORSTER the greatness of England is not a delusion nor a figure of speech. He rejoices to see the settlement of his countrymen over a large part of the sea-coasts of the globe, and he willingly persuades himself that the bond of political union between the mother-country and the colonies may remain for an indefinite time unbroken. Although it is possible that latent causes of separation may exist, the colonies will have no opportunity of justifying secession by complaints of Imperial oppression. The American rebellion of a hundred years ago, and the subsequent revolt of South America from Spain, supply no precedent which will be applicable to future Declarations of Independence.

It was not absolutely indispensable to Mr. FORSTER's argument to prove that the colonies produce pecuniary

profit; but he exposed the popular fallacy that they are a serious burden on the Imperial finances. In such a question it is not worth while to take into account an outlay of a few hundred thousand pounds. The concession of responsible government, if it had not been otherwise politic and necessary, might have been recommended as an excellent investment. Dependencies which govern themselves with little reference to the wishes of the English Government at the same time pay their own expenses. Their too frequent propensity to provide a revenue by taxing English imports is, it may be hoped, a temporary error. There is no doubt that, as Mr. FORSTER says, commerce, in spite of perverse tariffs, has a tendency to follow the flag. English settlers prefer English fashions and English goods; and the colonial market is far more important than that of many larger communities. Another advantage to a maritime nation consists in access to friendly ports in every quarter of the globe. In case of war it would not be necessary to bargain with Australia or with South Africa for naval stations which would involve the command of distant oceans. If the Imperial connexion is maintained, England will become more and more the home of wealthy colonists. Whatever may be the drawbacks of a crowded community confined within narrow insular limits, England is the most pleasant residence for the rich. Every colonist has a right to exercise the political privileges of an English subject. The late Cabinet contained two members who had formerly been active politicians in Australia. The unity of Germany has been largely promoted by the custom which enabled Rhinelanders, Holsteiners, or Saxons to seek employment and promotion in any State of the Confederacy. STEIN was a Baron of Nassau, GNEISENAU a Hanoverian, and the METTERNICHs came from the Palatinate. Count BÜTNER was Prime Minister of Saxony before he was Chancellor of Austria and Austrian Ambassador in England. Nearly every princely House was represented in the higher ranks of the Prussian and Austrian armies. National identity had in this way been asserted long before the Empire was established. At an earlier period Provincials from Gaul or from Spain found themselves eligible for military or civil service at Rome. There is no reason why an inhabitant of Toronto or of Melbourne should not be an Englishman, if SAUL of Tarsus was considered a Roman.

The petulance and the thin-skinned susceptibility of colonists are frequently irritating, and they may at any time endanger the Imperial connexion; but prudent statesmen will not be diverted from a comprehensive policy because it may perhaps be deranged by causes beyond their control. The trick of disaffection has in some cases survived from the days of tutelage, in which it had a better excuse. Those who remember the condition of Canada forty years ago will be surprised rather by the general prevalence of loyalty than by the occasional self-assertion of colonial politicians. The friendly language which is used on ceremonial occasions probably expresses, and at the same time confirms, a genuine sentiment. As provocations become rarer, angry protests will tend to be obsolete; and communities which have accustomed themselves to profess attachment to the Crown will by degrees conform their feelings to their words. Mr. FORSTER answered by anticipation the critics who object to uncertain attempts at prediction. Prophecies have at all times partaken of the character of precepts for practical guidance. Of late years the most angry remonstrances of colonists have been directed against the declared or supposed indifference of English statesmen. The general adoption of Mr. FORSTER's opinions would furnish a security against the error to which some of his former colleagues were prone. If prophecies of smooth things help to make things smooth, they may both justify and fulfil themselves. Mr. FORSTER might also rely on a loftier apology. It was his business not merely to contribute his share to the maintenance of an Imperial policy, but to call attention to the greatness of the results which he hoped to promote. If the colonies are destined to fall off one by one from the Empire, the consequences may perhaps be endurable, but a noble ambition will have been disappointed. A community of a hundred millions of Englishmen, occupying some of the most fertile portions of the world, and combining provincial independence with the acknowledgment of a common sovereignty, might reasonably expect to raise the standard of human civilization.

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN COLOSSUS.

THE French designers of the statue which is to commemorate the aid given by France to the rebellion of the English Colonies have paid a happy compliment to the national taste of the United States. The proposed work of art will be the biggest of the kind which has yet been seen in the world. The dimensions are not stated; but it is easy to believe that modern mechanical appliances will enable the sculptor to surpass in magnitude the famous Colossus of Rhodes. Still more impressive will be the beams of gas or of lime-light which will radiate from the arms of the image, to the admiration of mariners and steamboat passengers at night. In the art of material illumination the present day far surpasses the classic prime of Greece. If the work is finished by next year, New York will perhaps scarcely envy Philadelphia its privilege of celebrating the Centenary of Independence. A captious critic might perhaps suggest that the parts in the proposed commemoration have been oddly inverted. The alliance which resulted from a common enmity against England assumed the form of a service conferred by France on the American colonies. LAFAYETTE and ROCHAMBEAU appeared as sympathizing liberators whose aid was gratefully accepted by the sagacious founders of the American Union. If an international Colossus was to be erected, it might have seemed that it ought to have been dedicated by the Americans to their beneficent allies. In this instance the benefactors have assumed the initiative, and Mr. WASHBURNE and his countrymen could not but accept the overture. At the late celebration of the scheme, as in its original conception, any deficiency in good taste which may have been exhibited was entirely on the side of the French projectors. The American Minister at Paris confined himself to judicious commonplaces, and Colonel FORNEY endeavoured in his speech to correct the discourteous tone of M. LABOULAYE's references to England. It is to be regretted that an enterprise which tends to revive unpleasant feelings should coincide in time with the neutral meeting at Philadelphia. The Congress and people of the United States, when they invited England as well as other nations to join in an Exhibition of industrial products, virtually pledged themselves to confine their enthusiasm to commemorating the foundation of the Republic, instead of dwelling unnecessarily on the conflict by which their independence was established.

Execrations directed against GEORGE III. as a PHARAOH who refused to let discontented subjects go ought to have become obsolete. The KING and his Ministers blundered in the original dispute, but they were perfectly right in not dismembering the Empire without a struggle, and they were unanimously supported by the English nation, with the exception of a part of the Whig aristocracy. The imbecile conduct of the war was far more blamable than the policy which dictated its continuance. The descendants of the successful insurgents in the enjoyment of unbounded prosperity have no reason to regret either the occasion of the rupture or the defects of English military administration. If the course of history could be retrospectively altered, every patriotic American would regret any material change in the course of events. The victory over the English forces which was ultimately attained, after many failures, has now for a century supplied the popular mind in America with its only knowledge of history. Even the defeat of the rebels at Bunker's Hill was lately celebrated as a glorious triumph. It was the misfortune of England more than of the United States that the separation which was probably inevitable left rankling feelings behind on the part of the former colonists. The military operations were seldom brilliant on either side; but any nation might be proud of the body of leaders who conducted the struggle, and who afterwards founded the Union. The generation of statesmen which had grown up before the Secession has never since been equalled, if indeed the progress of democratic equality has not produced political degeneracy in the rulers, while the community at large retains its pristine energy. The heroic and legendary age of the United States is at the same time historical, though the proportions of events have been sometimes altered and exaggerated. The French have never been able to understand that their ancestors were not the countrymen of CHARLEMAGNE.

The secular antagonism between England and France has happily died out within the memory of the present generation; nor will the friendly relations of the two countries be disturbed by M. LABOULAYE's ill-timed reminis-

cences; but it is strange that an accomplished Frenchman should voluntarily and gratuitously recall the memory of one of the least creditable episodes in the national history. The unprovoked attack of France upon England in 1779 did no eventual harm to the injured party, while it precipitated the ruin of the weak Sovereign who had been persuaded to conspire with Republicans against the common cause of Kings. LAFAYETTE earned in his American campaigns the opportunity of exhibiting conspicuously at home his incapacity to direct the storm which his rashness had invoked. The expenses of the war with England swelled to an intolerable amount the financial deficit which caused the convocation of the States-General. The revolutionary amateurs who afterwards perished on the guillotine had failed to learn that the Americans were able to conduct their affairs in independence because they had been equally free while they still acknowledged the supremacy of the English Crown. LAFAYETTE was but little wiser in his old age than when, as a boy, he with pardonable enthusiasm deserted his regiment for the purpose of joining the American insurgents. He was aware that the French Government, though it had not yet succeeded in finding a pretext for war with England, was giving surreptitious aid to the rebellion. The agent employed was BEAUMARCHAIS, who inherited from his predecessor VOLTAIRE a passion for dabbling in financial speculations as well as a large share of his wit and literary skill. At the instigation of the French Ministers BEAUMARCHAIS supplied the colonists with large amounts of stores, with the result of personal embarrassment to himself. Long after the Revolution his accounts were not finally settled. The proceedings of the French Government were well known in England, though for a time it was thought better to connive at underhand hostility than to add a foreign war to the burden of the colonial struggle. When at last, on the refusal of the French Minister to explain the conduct of his Government, the KING informed Parliament of his intention of declaring war, the national delight was more creditable to English feeling than complimentary to France. The popular instinct cordially welcomed a contest with familiar enemies who were not of the same blood or language with themselves. When Spain, in accordance with the Family Compact, and forgetful of her own colonial interests, joined France, the courage of England never quailed. After a time Holland also joined the Confederacy, and Russia, Prussia, and Sweden took the opportunity of the supposed distress of England to organize for the destruction of English maritime supremacy the Armed Neutrality of the North. The victorious defence of Gibraltar against the united armaments of France and Spain, and the naval victory of RODNEY, were the rewards of French intervention. At war or on the eve of war with the combined world, England was justified in abandoning the struggle with the colonists, which had become evidently hopeless. The unconditional acknowledgment of independence was the only substantial concession which was made at the conclusion of the general peace. The Northern Powers obtained none of the alterations of maritime law which they had hoped to extort from the weakness of England. Spain had established a precedent, destined soon to be fruitful, for the revolt of American colonies. France had accumulated a heavy load of debt, and had discredited the principle of monarchy. Six or seven years after LAFAYETTE returned amidst universal applause to his native country, he not without difficulty escorted the KING and QUEEN through the ranks of a murderous mob from Versailles to Paris. In the meantime England, under the administration of PITT, had already recovered the losses of the war, and was advancing rapidly in prosperity and wealth. At the cost of misfortune and ignominy, France has undoubtedly acquired the advantage of a certain popularity in the United States. It is true that the French Government favoured the Confederates during the Civil War, and that American sympathies in 1870 were generally on the side of the Germans; but, in default of special reasons to the contrary, France and the United States regard each other as friendly nations. Their early connexion and their modern sympathies will, if subscriptions are forthcoming, be recorded in the big figure on BEDLows island, and by the gas lamps which are to adorn its outline. The Americans will both appreciate the memorial of their former exploits, and congratulate themselves on their exemption from responsibility for the project.

COUNT ARNIM.

COUNT ARNIM is either a very unwise man, or a man who is cursed with very unwise friends. Now that his case has been finally heard and decided on, there is plainly nothing for him to do, except bear his punishment in silence. Those sections of the German public which have taken his part are already as angry with Prince BISMARCK as it is possible for Count ARNIM to make them. There has been quite enough in the conduct of the trial to supply matter for hostile comment. The judgment of each person on the CHANCELLOR'S share in the proceedings will in most cases be affected by his political sympathies, but few real friends of Prince BISMARCK'S will deny that the prosecution, even if it were inevitable, had better be forgotten as soon as possible. If Count ARNIM'S conduct had been absolutely above censure, there might have been some sense in his striving to keep the memory of it alive. But that he was guilty of carelessness and indiscretion as regards the custody of public documents is indisputable. No doubt Count ARNIM may say that, if the conclusion to be drawn from the whole case is that there were faults on both sides, it is hard that the suffering should be all on one side. As it is, he gets eight months' imprisonment, while Prince BISMARCK is only subjected to the very moderate annoyance of seeing eight months' imprisonment inflicted for an offence which in his opinion deserves a severer sentence. But the gift of discerning when complaint is profitable and when useless is one of the characteristics of a wise man; and in this virtue either Count ARNIM or some one who has access to his papers has shown himself eminently wanting. A book has been published at Zürich purporting to contain certain reports sent home by the COUNT while German Ambassador at Paris, and to give an account of what passed at an audience which he had with the EMPEROR, as well as of certain interviews between him and Prince BISMARCK. The object of this publication is seemingly to make the public believe that the prosecution has throughout been prompted by the personal hatred which the CHANCELLOR bears to Count ARNIM. Even if we allow this object to have been completely achieved, the worse than indiscretion of the means taken to achieve it is in no way excused. If Count ARNIM himself is responsible for the appearance of the book, he has gone out of his way to justify all that his enemies have said of him. Until now his friends were able to deny all knowledge of the channel through which the despatches which he sent from Rome had found their way into a Vienna newspaper; and, supposing this charge not to be sustained, there remained nothing against him but a mode of dealing with the papers of the Paris Embassy which was not necessarily inconsistent with the AMBASSADOR'S good faith. Those who have most confidently acquitted the COUNT of any worse fault than a misapprehension as to the guardianship of public documents, and as to the line which separates public documents from private, will be staggered by this fresh incident. If Count ARNIM has twice had documents stolen from his possession, and their contents made public without his knowledge, he is strangely unfortunate. If the person who has done him this disservice is a friend, the thief ought to have recollected that this double abstraction of papers would be set down as a highly improbable coincidence, and that many persons would take the easier alternative of believing that the publications now at Zürich, and formerly at Vienna, were alike the work of the COUNT himself. Even those who prefer to hold Count ARNIM innocent of both acts will find it hard to defend the betrayal to any one of what passed in secret conference between him and the EMPEROR. Unless Count ARNIM is able to clear himself of all complicity in the publication of this book, and to deny the accuracy of the account given in it of interviews at which only he and the EMPEROR were present, the least that can be said of him is that he has allowed private indignation seriously to pervert his views of public duty.

The most interesting part of this indiscreet volume is the account which Count ARNIM gives of M. THIERS'S resignation of office. This is probably a good deal coloured by the COUNT'S dislike of M. THIERS'S policy. He maintains that M. THIERS did not in the least expect to be beaten on the 24th of May, 1873, and that it was this unfounded confidence of victory that made him reject the overtures of what was known at the time as the TARGET group. It is true that M. THIERS had more than once threatened resignation, and then allowed himself to be per-

suaded to remain in office; and it is certainly possible that, in refusing to yield to the Conservatives when they insisted on the dismissal of some of his Ministers, he was governed by a belief that they would be afraid to try the experiment of doing without him. It seems more probable, however, that M. THIERS had sufficiently exact information of the plans and intentions of his opponents to know that a change of Ministry would not content the majority except so far as it indicated a change of policy, and that an Assembly which afterwards showed itself ready to accept Marshal MACMAHON as President and the Duke of BROGLIE as Prime Minister was not likely to make any serious sacrifices to keep M. THIERS at the head of affairs. Count ARNIM is not, however, wholly insensible to M. THIERS'S great qualities. He praises his strenuous efforts to keep the peace between Germany and France, and says with some shrewdness that in this respect his advanced age has been of use to him, because, as he could not himself hope to see the day of revenge, he was naturally drawn to a circle of ideas in which the restoration of the glory of France was no longer bound up with the fields of battle between the Rhine and the Moselle. Still Count ARNIM was not anxious to see M. THIERS remain in power, and he succeeded so well in imparting his views on this point to the Emperor WILLIAM that, in Prince BISMARCK'S opinion, he was largely responsible for the division of the 24th of May, 1873. Prince BISMARCK apparently believes that, if the German Ambassador had been ordered to make it understood that Germany would look with displeasure on any change of Government in France, the chiefs of the Opposition would have hesitated before breaking finally with M. THIERS. He himself was anxious to instruct Count ARNIM in this sense, but Count ARNIM, according to the CHANCELLOR, exercised an influence on the EMPEROR'S mind beyond that which properly belongs to an Ambassador. Instead of supplying the information on which the German Government might found a policy, he supplied the policy itself. The EMPEROR paid more attention to Count ARNIM'S suggestions than he paid to those of Prince BISMARCK, and when the PRINCE recommended that all the weight of German influence should be directed to support M. THIERS, he found the EMPEROR already convinced by Count ARNIM that M. THIERS'S continuance in power might be dangerous to the monarchical principle in Europe. How Count ARNIM could have brought himself and his master to this conclusion is hard to see. The immense difficulties against which the French Government had then to contend promised rather to have the effect of discrediting the particular institutions, whether Monarchical or Republican, under which the conflict was to be carried on. The failure of a Republic to compass ends hardly distinguishable from impossibilities might have done much for the Monarchical principle in Europe, whereas similar failures incurred by a King would only have brought the Monarchical principle into disgrace. If the Count of CHAMBORD had really mounted the throne in the autumn of 1873, it would have been the greatest blow that could have been struck at the cause of royalty in general. That Count ARNIM should have been blind to this is as fatal to his pretensions to statesmanship as his method of dealing with State papers—supposing that this volume has been published with his knowledge—is to his appreciation of diplomatic duty.

THE MALAY OUTBREAK.

THE island of Penang is said to have been once the property of an Englishman, who had received it from the King of KEDDAH as a marriage portion with his daughter. The East India Company, feeling the want of a good harbour on the eastern shore of the Bay of Bengal, obtained from this Englishman a transfer of his property, and appointed him first Governor of the new settlement, agreeing at the same time to pay an annual sum to the King of KEDDAH for his sovereignty of the island. The British flag was hoisted in 1786. When the harbour began to be frequented by ships, great annoyance was felt from pirates, and in order to check them the Company, by a further payment to the KING, obtained possession of the coast opposite to the island, which became the province of Wellesley. The town of Malacca, on the same coast, was occupied by the Portuguese, taken from them by the Dutch, and after having been twice captured by us and restored, was finally ceded to us in 1824. The British settlement of

Singapore was founded in 1819, after we had for the second time given back Malacca to the Dutch, in order that we might not be entirely excluded by them from the commerce of the Indian Archipelago. The property and sovereignty of the island on which Singapore stands were purchased from a person whom we found it convenient to recognize as King of JOHORE. Thus were established the Straits Settlements of which Penang is the capital, and Sir H. DRUMMOND JERVOIS is the present Governor.

The situation of Singapore, on an island at the southern extremity of the Malay peninsula, is almost unrivalled. The strait which extends along its southern coast is the high road between the eastern and western portions of maritime Asia. The commerce of the newly-established colony grew, as might have been expected, with great rapidity. It has been well called the London of Southern Asia. All the nations that border on the Indian Ocean resort to it with their produce, and find a ready market, which is also well stocked with European goods. The traditional history of the Malays asserts that they came originally from the interior of Sumatra, and, first issuing from it in 1160, passed to the Malay peninsula, where they built Singapore. Hence they are said to have spread over the lower parts of all the islands of the Indian Archipelago. But when we consider how far the Malay tribes are scattered from Madagascar on the west to Easter Island in the Pacific on the east, this tradition seems improbable. In the larger islands the Malay population generally occupies only the lower tracts along the coast, and the original inhabitants have retired before them into the interior. On the smaller islands the original inhabitants have been extirpated by the Malays. The northern portion of Sumatra, opposite to Penang, is the seat of the Acheenese, a Malay race with some admixture probably of natives of Hindustan, who have frequented the ports of this country in all ages. They are more active and industrious than the other natives of the same island, and they resemble the Bugis, or inhabitants of Celebes, in address and dexterity in business. They are Mohammedans; and, as they have much intercourse with foreigners of the same faith, the forms of their religion are observed with some strictness. Of their neighbours the Battas it used to be said that there were more of them who could read and write than who could not, and that all, if they could get the chance, were cannibals. The tableland, which is said to have been the original seat of the Malays, is south of the country of the Battas, and near the centre of the island. As compared with these Malays of Sumatra, the Malays who dwell on the shore of the Straits of Malacca appear to be a degenerate tribe. The Kings of Acheen were so powerful three centuries ago as to prevent the Portuguese from gaining a footing in the island, and even to attempt to expel them from Malacca. In the next century the power of Acheen declined, and the Dutch and English made settlements in Sumatra. The English settlements, of which Bencoolen was the best known, were given up to the Dutch in 1824, in exchange for Malacca, which they ceded to us, as already stated; and since that time the Dutch have largely extended their possessions northwards over more than half the island. They became engaged in 1833-4 in an obstinate war with the religious sect called Padries; and, in the result, the ancient seat of the Malays became subject to the Dutch, who were thus brought into near neighbourhood with the Acheenese, with whom they have for some time been at war. Thus it would seem that the power of the Dutch on one side of the Straits of Malacca and of the British on the other is too firmly rooted to be seriously in danger from the fanaticism or ambition of the Malay race. But there may be little wars, causing much trouble and expense. The Malay peninsula is seven hundred and fifty miles long, with a width varying between sixty and one hundred and eighty miles, and its area is less than that of Great Britain. A mountain range to the east and the Bay of Bengal to the west inclose a low level tract from ten to twenty miles in width. One of the mountains rises to the height of 4,000 feet at a distance of twenty-four miles from the Straits. The plain on the east side of the peninsula, between the mountains and the Chinese Sea, is wider than that on the west side. It should be added that at least two commercial roads across the peninsula have existed for many years. Speaking generally, the country is thinly inhabited, and the towns where population has increased are accessible to our ships and troops. It is difficult to believe that such a country can offer serious resistance to British

power, either by supplying numerous armies or defensible positions, and we have often proved in India that discipline is stronger than religious frenzy. The case is different from that of a large island like New Guinea, where, as has been lately pointed out, the interior would be inaccessible to British troops.

Such is the country which has lately attracted notice by the murder of Mr. BIRCH, Resident at the Court of the Sultan of PERAK, one of the petty potentates of the country. The river of Perak enters the Bay of Bengal between Penang on the north and Singapore on the south. We learn by telegram that Mr. BIRCH was attacked in his bath and killed on the 3rd inst. at a place called Passir Sala on that river. His Malay interpreter was reported to have been also killed, and several of his suite were wounded. Later telegrams announced that the Malays were besieging the British Residency at the town of Perak; that all the Rajahs were suspected of complicity in the murder; and that Sultan ISMAIL was reported to be collecting large forces with the object of attempting to expel the British. On the 6th the Residency was relieved by Captain INNES, next day a force composed of a detachment of the 10th Regiment, armed police, and sepoys attacked a stockade further up the river and near the scene of Mr. BIRCH's murder. The attack failed, and Captain INNES was killed, and several officers and men were wounded. Reinforcements had been summoned by telegraph from Hong Kong and Calcutta, and a few days would bring them. So we are in for a little war, and until detailed accounts arrive we can only speculate as to its causes. We know of course that there are always plenty of ambitious or fanatical men who would rebel against our Eastern Government if they dared. But why should the present moment be considered opportune for such an outbreak? The opinion evidently prevailed at Penang that the murder was contrived, and was a prelude to further violence. It is suggested that the Acheenese have been so far successful in their present war with the Dutch as to excite in the Malay race generally hopes of expelling strangers. But a combination of islanders with men of the peninsula supposes naval as well as military operations, and although the Malays are skilful pirates, they can hardly pretend to engage in maritime war. We are not likely to see another Acheenese fleet besieging Malacca. The Malays are capable both of reading and understanding European news, and they can hardly be ignorant that this country can apply in the East a power incomparably greater than that of Holland. The failure at the stockade, although it has caused lamentable loss, is probably an advantage in this respect, that it may encourage the Malays to remain within striking distance of our fleet and army. If Mr. BIRCH was murdered from calculation, we can only say that we are not in possession of the data.

The ubiquitous Chinese come to the Malay peninsula to work its tin mines, and generally to make money where less industrious and frugal people starve. We lately appeared to be not far from war with China, and yet we act as perpetual protectors of Chinese commerce by sea and Chinese industry by land. The propensity of the Malays to piracy furnishes always a possibility of employment for our squadron in the Chinese Sea, and it cannot be too often repeated that for service in distant waters our navy still may be, and ought to be, thoroughly efficient. As soon as this outbreak of Malay ferocity was known at Penang, the British community there looked round to see what men-of-war or gunboats were within call. The lesson that an unarmoured ship is better than no ship at all is quickly learned under such circumstances, and every ship carries a crew capable of serving efficiently on shore. If further operations are undertaken in the Perak river, the navy will be sure to do its part. The rapid concentration of military and naval force which is preparing ought to be more than sufficient for the occasion, and the Mussulman "revival" of which we hear will hardly combine the Malay race in effective antagonism to British rule. The telegraph has greatly increased our means of dealing with such a difficulty, and on the whole it seems probable that this will be really a little war. Such events as the murder of a Resident or the failure of an attack made as soon as resistance or revolt draws to a head are always liable to occur while we undertake to maintain tranquillity among ferocious and treacherous barbarians. In such attacks it is generally better to have failed than not to have attempted. It is remarkable that Captain INNES had spent most of his professional career upon works for home defence which are supposed to exemplify the

highest engineering science, and now he has lost his life before a rude stockade defended by semi-savages. As he was employed in a civil capacity at Penang, it seems probable that he volunteered for this service, seeing the importance of immediate action and the smallness of the force available. We can hardly doubt that he was right in principle.

ONE OR TWO BLUNDERS.

MR. WARD HUNT has cheerfully acknowledged that "there may have been one or two blunders" in his department, and it is only too evident that the possibilities of blundering in that quarter are very far from being exhausted. It would be difficult, for example, to imagine a more egregious blunder than Mr. HUNT's attempt to make light of a series of grave disasters. That human beings are universally liable to error is one of the commonest lessons of life. The wisest men will at times make mistakes, and sometimes very strange and serious ones. But the difference between a wise man and a foolish one is that, when the former has made a mistake, he knows it, and knows also what should be done to make the best of it, while the other plods on in hopeless self-stultification. It is now quite clear that all the painful experience and instruction of the last few months have been entirely thrown away upon Mr. HUNT, and that, in the fatuity of his imbecile self-confidence, he is quite capable of repeating the errors which he has already committed, should any fresh opportunities be offered. Mr. HUNT apparently knows very little of the depth of feeling—or superstition, he would perhaps be disposed to call it in his jocular way—with which his countrymen regard this branch of our national defences. Yet he might have read in the preamble of the Naval Discipline Act the solemn proclamation by the mouth of Parliament that on "the government of the Navy, under the good providence of God, the wealth, the safety, and strength of the Kingdom chiefly depend." It is not with a shrug of the shoulders and the effrontery of a smile that the wrath of a country is to be turned away when it sees its most vital interests jeopardized by a weak and blundering administration; and so Mr. HUNT will probably discover. The LORD MAYOR was perhaps in some degree responsible for striking a false note at the Guildhall. When anything goes wrong with a ship, it must necessarily be, in the opinion of the LORD MAYOR, the fault not of men, but of the elements. "No man can command the winds and waves, nor is it possible when a sudden fog arises to devise the means of getting out of it always with success." There is hardly anything which a Lord Mayor, after dinner on his first day of office, may not say with impunity; but what can be more dangerous than that the head of the navy should countenance such a lesson to the service? It simply means, if it means anything, that naval officers may be as supine and careless as they please, because whenever anything goes wrong they can always throw the blame upon the elements. It is the business of seamen to cope with winds and waves, and if they fail they must show that they took all possible precautions. A fog is not an exceptional phenomenon on our coasts; and it is quite clear that in the recent instance the REAR-ADMIRAL and the captains of the squadron generally were either ignorant or negligent of the proper precautions to be taken in such a case, and that the Board of Admiralty, instead of laying down plain rules for the future, has muddled the matter worse than ever, and given the strongest encouragement to commanding officers to evade their natural responsibilities. If Mr. HUNT had had the faintest conception of the elementary principles of discipline, he would at once have caught at this slip of the LORD MAYOR's, in order to mark how completely he felt it to be at variance with a sound view of seamanship. He not only omitted to do so, but he took up another hint of his host's, and remarked that, as no lives had been lost in the *Vanguard*, there was reason for congratulation. It may be admitted that the mere loss of the ship is no ruinous disaster for a country like ours; but the serious part of the matter was not the sinking of the *Vanguard*, but the way in which she came to be sunk, and the apprehension which is suggested by the disclosures of the court-martial that another such disaster or worse may happen any day.

It may be very well on a festive occasion to prefer "the bright side" of things, but what ground is there for Mr. HUNT's assurance that, "whenever the occasion may arise, the duty which the navy has to discharge will be per-

"formed, as heretofore, to the satisfaction of the country"? Immediately after the late court-martial the *Iron Duke* ran into the flag-ship of the presiding Admiral, and, though no great harm was done, that was only part of the accident. The "bright side of an unfortunate event" may be supposed to be that it furnishes a warning for the future, and leads to errors being corrected. The logical effect, however, of the Admiralty Minute on the *Vanguard* is to justify a dangerous rate of speed in critical circumstances, and to establish the precedent that an admiral in command who avoids giving orders as to what shall be done may expect, if anything goes wrong, to be screened, while the punishment will fall on his subordinates. It is true, no doubt, that the Admiralty possesses an arbitrary power of revising the sentence of a court-martial, and adopting or rejecting, or otherwise qualifying, any parts of it, according to its own discretion; but in this case the error was committed of passing a final and sweeping judgment on the strength of a partial inquiry. In fact, in punishing Lieutenant EVANS without trial, the Admiralty appears to have broken the law; for the 92nd Section of the Naval Discipline Act, which provides that, when no specific charge is made against any one, all the officers and crew of a ship may be tried together and summoned to give evidence, also enacts that no officer or seaman shall be obliged to give evidence which may tend to criminate himself. Lieutenant EVANS was examined without having the usual "friend" at his side, and without any warning that he was practically on his trial. There is a beautiful simplicity in Mr. HUNT's way of minimizing misfortunes. Among other reasons for congratulation derived from the loss of the *Vanguard* is the "proof of the destructiveness of the *Iron Duke*, which did all that she was intended to do, except, of course (*sic*), that the ship which she struck was our own property, and not that of an enemy." But surely the value of a destructive weapon must depend, not merely on its destructiveness in itself, but on the use which is made of that destructiveness for the defence of the country. What was wanted in this case was a lesson to those concerned that ironclads ought to be managed with greater caution; but, instead of this, the carelessness of the ADMIRAL and the general laxity and ineptitude on board the ships are hushed up, and express approval is given of reckless speed and shirking of duty. Mr. HUNT naturally does not share the opinion, which he should remember is not confined to the lay public, that "the administration of the navy is in a state of paralysis," and manifests the existence of great incompetence and "recklessness." He also fails to see that this paralysing influence is mainly due to his own obtuseness in not being able even now to discover the flagrant errors into which he and his Board have fallen. There is no subject, he says, on which more erroneous opinions are likely to be formed than that of squadron sailing, and indeed this has been strikingly exemplified in Rear-Admiral TARLETON's injudicious orders, and the Admiralty's equally confusing Minute, which certainly does not afford any assistance in unravelling the mystery, but, on the contrary, deepens and complicates it. Again, Mr. HUNT pleads that, if he had acted in accordance with the popular impressions with regard to this subject, he would have done an act of great injustice. But nobody has asked him to act on popular impressions. All that has been said is that the REAR-ADMIRAL and Captain HICKLEY ought to have had an opportunity of defending themselves in a formal manner before a properly constituted court, instead of being absolved from serious charges which were fully supported by *prima facie* evidence. It has never been suggested that the Admiralty should have taken upon itself to punish those officers offhand, but only that it ought not to have arrested the ordinary course of justice, and stifled inquiry. The impression that the Admiralty is weak on this point is strengthened by the fact that no official notice has been taken of the conduct of the officers of the *Alberta*, though compensation is being paid to the sufferers from the collision in which they were concerned.

It is possible that on a more suitable occasion Mr. HUNT may be able in some degree to correct this inappropriate and illogical defence; but there cannot be a greater delusion than to fancy that public indignation will be appeased by pooh-poohing grave calamities. The passage in which the PREMIER, in a subsequent speech at Guildhall, spoke of the national strength which would be derived in any emergency from the support of a confiding and contented people, supplies perhaps the most significant commentary on the mischief which is gathering at the Admiralty.

Mr. HUNT has at least done an important public service in removing all doubt as to his own hopeless incapacity to comprehend the momentous responsibilities of his position; and there can be no confidence or contentment unless a change is made. The continued administration of the navy by a Minister who can speak as Mr. WARD HUNT speaks of such a disaster as the sinking of the *Vanguard* is nothing less than a public danger.

STYLE.

ONE of those smart sayings which have become almost too familiar for quotation asserts the identity of a man and his style. We might paraphrase it by saying that the form of expression adopted by a writer or an artist lets us into the deepest secrets of his heart and mind. Nothing is apparently easier than to disguise one's secret thoughts. The most vicious of mankind may sing the praises of virtue, and the most effeminate may affect a virile force of passion, or the most heretical defend an orthodox thesis. But, though in such cases we cannot extract from the condemned work any distinct series of erroneous statements, we recognize instinctively the hollow ring of the phrases. The sense which guides us is often conversant with such impalpable essences that we may be utterly unable to assign any tangible reason for our strongest criticism. A practised lawyer can tell when a witness is lying, though he cannot tell what fine and half-conscious observations have led him to that conclusion. And the acutest of critics often renounce the task of exhibiting with any precision the evidence on which their conclusions are based. The manner of the writer makes such or such an impression upon them; it has an indefinable magic, or an ineradicable stamp of vulgarity; but they are forced to be content with recording instead of justifying their statements. A high degree of the instinctive judgment which passes such sentences is the mark of the most admirable critics, though it is unfortunately very easily simulated by persons who do not really possess it. This delicate sensibility is undoubtedly the rare and admirable quality which distinguishes the heaven-born critic from the ordinary mob of would-be critics. He can judge instinctively where a clumsy writer is forced to apply his scales and balances, and after all fails to detect the impalpable element which gives the characteristic flavour to the greatest writers. But a full recognition of the value of such a power is consistent with the admission that it may be often abused. One abuse is very natural. The critic who judges by his impressions is led to exaggerate the merits of style as distinguished from substance; or of form as separated from matter. The enthusiastic disciples of the genuine critic have sometimes formed a very questionable canon out of this distinction. They declare the form to be everything and the matter nothing. A literary epicurean values above all qualities a perfect impartiality of taste. He thinks it vulgar and foolish to entertain any prejudices which can blind us to any variety of excellence. The man with strong convictions is apt to be unfairly prejudiced against a work of art which embodies opinions different from his own. He hates Milton because he was a Republican, or Dante because he was a Catholic, or Lucretius because he was an Epicurean. All such prejudices must blunt our taste for some special manifestations of literary excellence, and the critic should therefore be free from them all. He should move in a sublime region where the truth or falsehood, the morality or immorality, of a given sentiment are matters of absolute indifference, and the only question is as to the skill with which it is expressed. The conclusion, when pushed to this extreme, appears to be that nobody can be a good critic who is also a good man. If he is capable of being disgusted by vice, he is in danger of being unduly prejudiced against a skilful presentation of motives to vice. A critic cannot afford to keep a conscience. It may be a very good thing for the domestic Philistine, but is simply a nuisance in the regions of high art.

The theory thus stated may be left to the common sense of mankind. It is merely the expression of the cynicism engendered by certain corrupt social states, and, it may be hoped, will pass away as its advocates grow older and wiser, or cease to obtain an audience. One of the doctrines involved in it may, however, be briefly examined. The distinction between the form and the matter is of course a very important one, and requires to be borne in mind by every intelligent critic. What a man has to say is one question; how he manages to say it is another and a very different question. But it does not at all follow that the judgment which we pass upon a man in these two capacities is to be formed upon different or conflicting principles. A man's sincerity, for example, may be indicated either in the nature of his argument or through small impalpable signs from his manner of speaking. He may show pure-mindedness or pruriency in the subject which he chooses or in the mode in which it is presented. The two judgments which we form about him will be independent, though, if accurate, they will necessarily be consistent; and the distinction between form and matter does not in this case correspond to a distinction between a moral and a non-moral view. Let us, however, consider the question a little more closely. Let us take, for example, a case of that kind of writing which is most accessible to downright logical considerations. All his critics have remarked upon the excellence of the logical faculty displayed in Butler's *Analogy*, and the singular

inferiority of his style. Judging from the substance of his argument, we may say that he is a reasoner of singular force; judging from his mode of expression, we might say that he was perplexed and indistinct. The book, it has been said, is one of the rare examples of survival in spite of great defects of style. There is really nothing mysterious about the divergence. The style here gives us the man under certain aspects which are not brought out by the structure of the book. It reveals unmistakably the solitary thinker, to whom particular lines of argument have become so familiar that he forgets the difficulty which they present to one who meets them for the first time. He does not require explanations or illustrations, and he forgets that other people may require them. It is true that there is a certain charm even in this crudeness of expression. It brings before us the solitary recluse pondering deeply over thoughts still strange to his contemporaries. But undoubtedly it must on the whole be reckoned a fault, which is even annoying when we pass from Butler to so admirable a master of style as Paley. We remind ourselves that the subject-matter is more profound, and therefore the task of expression more difficult; but we may still wish that he could have had an eye to the convenience of his readers. All this shows that there is a difference between the art of thinking and the art of exposition—a difference which nobody would deny. As a rule, indeed, the clearest thinker must also be the best expounder, but frequently the two characters are separated. For our purpose, however, the point to be remarked is that the same tests are applicable in both spheres. The thought is good because it is logical. The exposition is bad because, or in so far as, it is illogical. If ambiguous phrases are left which we have to interpret from the context, or if sentences are clumsy because the various propositions are not duly discriminated, the faults are those upon which the logician must pronounce. There is, he may say, no confusion of thought in the writer, but the language used admits of a confused interpretation. Though for purposes of criticism we properly distinguish between the form and the matter, we judge in each capacity by the same general canons of logic.

We may apply the same remark to the more difficult case of artistic excellence. Here, too, we must of course distinguish between the workmanship and the material. More skill may be displayed in dealing with the most revolting than with the most elevating subject. Shakespeare may have shown greater genius in exhibiting the worst passions than Milton in describing Paradise. Nobody of course will dispute the distinction, or deny that a man's power is revealed more by his treatment than by his choice of subject. All subjects are open to every one, and a Tupper may, if he pleases, deal with the topics of a Milton or a Dante. Apparently repulsive subjects, again, may be turned to good account by a man of genius, and the most attractive subjects may be spoilt by a fool. But how are we to judge of the merits of the workmanship? Acute critics have expounded for us the magic charm with which Shakespeare, or Keats, or Coleridge can invest the meanest objects; or have dwelt with delight upon the singular power of the grand prose of Milton, or Sir Thomas Browne, or Burke, or Jeremy Taylor. There is a kind of mysterious perfume about the language itself, considered apart from its subject, for which it seems impossible to account, and which is therefore set down as something ultimate and apart. Poetry produces musical effects in which the mere cadence of the words is by itself delicious to a delicate ear, though we cannot tell how and why. We certainly will not attempt the task of analysing any given case of this natural magic, nor do we even pronounce that critics are as yet, or ever will be, in a position to reveal the full secret. We may perhaps admit that part of the charm is of a purely physical kind. Music is delightful so far as it is in some way associated with certain vague emotions, but there is also a direct charm in certain harmonies of sound, of which we may detect the physiological laws though we cannot give any further reason. Certain vibrations on the tympanum of the ear are pleasant, as certain chemical action upon the palate is pleasant. When we have reached that conclusion we can go no further, and there may be an element of the same kind in the pleasure derived from special combinations of words. But this can go a very little way in literary charm, else poetry in a foreign language might please us as much as in our own. The incomparably more important element is in certain intellectual associations, of whose existence we may be certain though we are unable to bring them distinctly before our consciousness. Nobody can say, for example, why Shakespeare's celebrated phrase about the daffodils is so marvellously touching; but we may say that, by some untraceable means, it calls up emotions of tenderness, of softened melancholy, of fondness for the most exquisite natural sights, which go to the centre of our being. The same may be said in various degrees of the magic of Keats's Nightingale, or of Coleridge's Palace of Kubla-Khan, or of the grand harmonies in our most gorgeous prose writers. The influence is something separate from the influence of the thoughts which they express, and would vanish if we simply expressed the thoughts in the plainest language we could find. But it is not distinct in its nature. It appeals by indirect and occult methods to the same ultimate feelings. One writer may suggest the awe of the infinite, and another the delight in natural beauty, and a third the deliciousness of calm repose. If they had blurted out their sentiments in downright prose, and said simply, man is an atom in the universe, daffodils are beautiful, or opium-eating is pleasant, they would not have affected us at all, nor would they have become immortal writers. The skill consists in the exquisite delicacy with which certain complex emotions are called into play without being obtrusively dragged into the full light of consciousness; and thus, when we abandon ourselves to their

guidance, we are carried away in a many-coloured current of sentiment far too complex and delicately blended to admit of analysis. When, however, we attempt to give ourselves an account of the magic to which we have been subjected, we find that it is composed of certain tangible elements. Each writer's art consists in awakening a particular strain or strains of sentiment, which may be morbid or healthy, virtuous or vicious, just in the same sense as the articulate moral which is written in the plainest black and white at the foot of an improving story. The influence is incomparably finer and more powerful, but it is of identically the same nature. The workmanship must be considered apart from the material just because it is another mode of producing the same result. One main idea is embodied in every great work, which we may more or less completely extract, and say that it is true or false, healthy or morbid. But beside and beyond the direct preaching, there is the mysterious personal influence of the preacher himself, which is chiefly embodied in his style. He stimulates certain moods which are not easily specified, but of which we may say, as we may say of any set of sentiments, that they are desirable or the reverse. It will generally happen that this indirect influence is better or worse than that conveyed by the ostensible purpose; and it will often be most potent when there is no very evident purpose. If these remote influences are included in the form as distinguished from the matter, then the form is amenable to the same canons of judgment as the matter. If not, the form becomes a merely technical and almost grammatical question, which has comparatively little bearing upon the higher artistic elements, though, in its way, of course important. We should have to add, if we were considering the question with any completeness, that there are some subjects which no treatment can elevate, as a sculptor cannot make a valuable statue of mud, nor a painter make an interesting picture from some of the subjects in a pathological treatise. But enough has been said to suggest the general bearings of the principle.

PROPOSALS.

AN Irish girl who was very anxious that her scatterbrained brother should not be refused by the demure young Englishwoman with whom he had fallen desperately in love implored him to try to propose with the seriousness becoming the occasion. He vowed solemnly that he would behave as if he were acting as chief mourner at his father's funeral. The demure young lady, in imitation of many of her countrywomen, graciously accepted her wild Irish lover. She, however, confided to her bosom friend that Edmund had proposed in rather an odd way. He had taken her after church to see the family vault, and had there, in a sepulchral voice, asked her if she would like to lay her bones beside his bones. This he evidently thought was a proper way to fulfil the promise made to his sister of treating the matter with becoming seriousness. It was happily his first and last effort in that direction. There must be many hundred thousand proposals made annually in the United Kingdom, but as the verb "to love" seems to admit of endless conjugations, perhaps we shall have ceased proposing, except by filling up a printed form, before all its variations are exhausted. At the commencement of each year the Registrar-General can foretell with tolerable accuracy how many of Her Majesty's subjects will enter into the bonds of holy matrimony before its conclusion. A more than usually abundant harvest might increase the number beyond his calculations, or a war might depress them; but his average would not be very far astray. But what Registrar-General can tell us the average number of proposals which are made each year, or how many rejections go to make one marriage? Indeed it is by no means easy to define exactly what is, and what is not, to be called a proposal. When a man says to a girl with whom he has waltzed several times that, if ever he becomes a Benedict, he hopes his wife will exactly resemble her and dress precisely as she does, if the girl answers "You must ask papa," there may reasonably be a difference of opinion as to whether the pretty speech can be twisted into a proposal or not. When, however, a shy man, having got his mother to plead his cause, says to the beloved one, with a tremulous gasp, "Won't you do the thing my mother asked you?" there is no doubt that to all intents and purposes he has asked her to be his wife. Proposals do not necessarily precede marriage, any more than does marriage necessarily succeed a proposal, and many a servant-maid becomes a wife without the young man with whom she has kept company for so many alternate Sundays ever asking her in plain words. Much of the romance of love-making has, in fact, disappeared since the number of marrying men has become so small in comparison with the number of women who wish to become wives. A disagreeable fellow with twenty thousand a year may not be able to win the particular duke's daughter on whom he has set his heart, but he will not be condemned to a bachelor existence because he cannot find plenty of pretty young ladies ready to accept his name, and help him to spend his fortune.

It is not uncommon to hear a mother detail to her friends how Mr. Longacres would have proposed to dear May, but that really, owing to the most extraordinary complication of circumstances, he never got an opportunity; and that now he is married to a designing little fortune-hunter, and is miserable. She tells how one day he got so far as to propound a riddle to May, which, if she had only been able to guess it, would have certainly led the way to a declaration of his affection. Indeed it really did amount to a proposal, for what could be more plain than saying, "My first is myself, my second is a plaything, my whole you are." Of course

if a woman is a man's idol he wants to marry her. But poor May became so agitated by the way in which Mr. Longacres looked at her that, although she had heard the riddle before, and recollected its answer the moment he was gone, the opportunity was unfortunately gone also. Then the mother goes on to say that she is quite sure one of Violet's lovers intended to come to the point in returning from the Derby, but he lost so many dozen pair of gloves from having backed the favourite that he also lost his temper. He scarcely spoke to any one the whole way home, although she had taken care to give him an excellent luncheon and the driest of champagne. The next week he was ordered abroad, so of course had only time to say a hurried good-by.

Generally speaking, this idea of men not being able to find opportunities to tell their love is arrant nonsense. A man may sometimes not propose where he fears to be refused, but when he wishes for a Yes, and is pretty certain he will get it, the question does not remain unasked, no matter what the difficulties which have to be overcome. There is no place where the ardent lover, if such a being still exists, cannot tell his tale. There are no circumstances, serious or gay, which cannot be turned to good account by a skilful wooer. True, many men are neither ardent nor skilful, and contrive almost to insult a woman while paying her the highest compliment in their power. But others know exactly when and where to press their suit with success. A young parson travelling in Palestine, and asked to join a pleasant party, amongst whose numbers he found a notable heiress of passionate piety, did well to restrain the expression of the ardour of his affection until he found himself lying at her feet on the slopes of the Mount of Olives, looking towards Jerusalem. Scarcely any girl with a spark of religion or poetry in her composition could have said No to a white tie and a pair of handsome brown eyes under such well-chosen circumstances. The officer whose leave had nearly expired without his having been able to bring a pretty little coquette to the point of acknowledging that she cared for him even a little wee bit, was not unwise to take her, ostensibly for the purpose of sketching, to the top of the church tower, to lock the staircase door, put the key in his pocket, and vow that if she did not promise solemnly to marry him within a month he would throw himself off the parapet before her eyes, key and all. Of course he gained his point, for he frightened her into tears, and then had things all his own way. More than one proposal has been made by underscoring the lines in the marriage service. "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband," and passing the book and a pencil during the sermon to the adored one. It sometimes comes back with a faint but still visible stroke under the "I will." It is curious how at least the semblance of religious feeling is apt to get mixed up with love-making; not of course to the absurd point of asking a blessing before each kiss, and returning thanks afterwards, but a case of breach of promise scarcely ever comes to be tried that, when the letters of the defendant are read, they are not found crammed with prayers and texts. The piety was probably as real as the love, and both were genuine for the time being, and took wing together. A sort of revivalist religion seems somehow mysteriously allied to the tender passion, although truth-telling, which is supposed to be a Christian virtue, is a rare accompaniment. A great many recording angels could be kept fully employed in booking the fabrications, conscious or unconscious, with which a large proportion of proposals are embellished. But we will not try to bring a blush to the cheeks of those who remember their misdeeds in this direction. It is often well even to act a little romance, if it gives pleasure and can be kept up.

Although circumstances will not prevent a man who is in earnest, and who has every reason to expect a favourable reply, from trying his luck, still circumstances are the cause of many a proposal. Upon some trivial event, scarcely noticed at the time, has often turned the happiness or misery of many more people than the pair immediately concerned. An elderly man who is ridiculously fond of children has for some reason been prevented from marrying. He travels by chance with a charming little boy and girl, and thinks what he would not give to be able to carry them home with him. He looks at the mother of the children, whom he has scarcely before noticed; she has a mysterious little white cap inside her bonnet, which proclaims that she is a widow, but not a very recent one. He brightens up; it is like a fairy tale; they find they have "mutual friends"; he proposes as soon as he decently can, but is wise enough to say nothing about the children, except that he hopes to make a good parent. He vows, like every one else, that this is the first time he was ever really in love, and that he fell a victim the moment he looked at her. A gentleman once confided to an old friend who asked him to tell "all about his marriage," that the wife of his bosom had attained that enviable position simply by choosing at a supper-table blanc-mange instead of whipped cream. He had paid the girl such marked attentions on several occasions that he felt she was warranted in expecting him to ask her to marry him. He had no desire to have her for a wife, but he resolved, while dancing with her at a ball, that she should become the unconscious arbiter of her own fate—in fact, that he would toss with her in dishes instead of half-crowns. If she had said whipped-cream, he would have withdrawn from her acquaintance with a peaceful conscience, and never have thought of her again, except to congratulate himself on his escape. If an old bachelor has been staying at a country house where there is a very pretty governess to whom he has been courteous and kind—if, having said good-by to her in her lonely schoolroom, he should discover when he got downstairs that he had left his gloves on her table,

and hurrying back for them find her in a confused mass amongst the sofa-cushions, sobbing convulsively—he must in common decency ask her what is the matter, even insist on knowing. If she replies that her tears flow because she has no home, what alternative has he but to try to comfort her, lose his train, and ask her to share his home even if that be only lodgings? Every one knows numberless instances where a broken bone or even a sick headache has led to a proposal, and shipwrecks and railway accidents are sometimes excellent matchmakers.

It is said that during the London season this year there were singularly few proposals. Perhaps it was the prevalence of east wind. Perhaps it was that the gentlemen were so hurried about from pigeon matches to Lord's, and from Prince's to Richmond, that they had no time to think of such things. However, the average seems to have been made up according to natural laws afterwards, if one may judge by the number of fashionable marriages which have taken place during the autumn, and there are several still to come off. A newspaper with exceeding bad taste takes upon itself to assert what number of proposals one of these brides elect has received. We need not ask if the old etiquette that a lady does not publish her rejections has, with other good things, gone out of fashion; for of course it was only the penny-a-liner's inventive impertinence.

OXFORD REFORM.

II.

IN a former article on this subject we considered the two alarming symptoms which make Professor Price so uneasy about the University of Oxford—namely, the withdrawal of young men of ability, and the disregard shown by those young men who remain for the guidance of their seniors in the speculative doctrines they propound. We now come to the remedy; unfortunately it is but roughly sketched out, and the difficulties of the subject lie very much in details.

Professor Price believes thoroughly in professors, and finds himself cast among a perverse generation who consider these functionaries as being generally distinguished, and sometimes ornamental, but not always useful. The diversity of opinion about professors comes from the looseness of ideas about what a professor is wanted for. If people were clear in their minds when they made an appointment as to whether they wanted a person to take charge of a department of teaching—as is the case in chemistry and civil engineering, where apparatus is required, or in Oriental languages, where students are too few to allow for more teachers than one—or whether they wanted to retain him as a representative of a branch of learning to advise Examination Boards, to afford information to lecturers, and to read papers at learned Societies, they would be less often disappointed than they are. There are fields for both classes of persons in the Universities, but their work must be well defined, and to do it thoroughly must be made the leading business of their lives. Twenty years ago the world was smitten with two educational crotchets; one was competitive examinations, the other the professorial system. The few persons who had practical knowledge of the matter maintained that these crotchets were antagonistic; that the motive power in education might either be honours backed by endowments, as in the examination system, or reverence for authoritative teaching, as in the ideal professorial system, but that, if these two motive forces acted simultaneously, one would overwhelm the other. And so it has turned out. Attempts were made at the Universities to set the professorial plan on its legs, but, except in experimental subjects, it has again fallen into disuse. The student feels that he wants precise and particular knowledge for an examination; he wants to *know that he knows* a thing; and though a professorial lecture may be well suited for giving an audience interest in a subject and some general ideas about it, we often find that these ideas are too vague to bring credit in examinations. Some attempts were made to obtain an audience for the professors by means of compulsion; certain classes of students were at Cambridge forced to attend, and many of them passed an hour in the perusal of some volume which we may hope was improving, but which had slight connexion with the professorial discourse. We shall see that Professor Price calls out for compulsion. This is a mistake; if compulsion were enacted, it would be nugatory. Attendance is enforced by the statutes of Bonn, but they have become a dead letter as to this. The professor will have to take his chance among the other teachers of the University. If he has something good to *show*, students *will* come; if something good to *say*, they *may* come; if neither, they will *not* come.

To return to the pamphlet. Professor Price, speaking of his proposed University course of instruction, says:—

The materials are at hand, what should be the type of the construction? Its leading features ought to be a professional advancement, growing in efficiency, remuneration, authority, and academical influence. The young Honour-man, on emerging from the Schools, should have the choice before him of a line of action suited to his talents and his attainments, and a future of brightening hope should dawn upon his eyes. The organization of each line of study must necessarily comprise various departments of work. The Undergraduate, besides general teaching in class, requires more personal help in detail; this service would naturally be assigned to the incipient teacher in his own chosen line of march. Then follows the class, the field of the regular and systematic teacher, the place where the practical instruction of the University is communicated. The command of the class would fall to the Sub-Professor; he would take the place of the present College Tutor. The fees paid by the students would belong to the University officers, as they belonged to the Tutors; but

a new principle of great importance ought to be introduced into their distribution. The Sub-Professors ought not all to have the same income; difference of remuneration is a vital necessity for the academical, as for all other professions. If the incomes of the teachers are susceptible of enlargement, energy will be intensified; the laws of human nature guarantee such a result. The Sub-Professors must be a numerous body, for the students are not far short of two thousand; why should not liberty be given to each Undergraduate to select his own teacher, to take himself and his fee to the Sub-Professor he prefers?

We thought that the Undergraduate had already a free option at Oxford as at Cambridge as to what lectures he should attend, under the present system of combination of colleges.

One difficulty in the above plan will be this. How are the subjects to be allotted? The attendance at a class will depend much more on whether the subject does or does not bear directly on examination than on the qualifications of the lecturer, and if the remuneration depends mainly on fees, lecturers will contend for the subjects which would have to be read by the greatest number of students. If the professor is to settle this, he will know little of that serene atmosphere which the *savant* is supposed to require.

We next come to Professor Price's ideal of the professor. "To him, if he is worthy of his place, belong the highest authority in his subject and the ultimate command over the students. A long training in the sub-professoriate has qualified him for the office. Such is the ideal; can it be realized? It is reached in Germany, why not in Oxford also, if the will be only present?" Elsewhere we read that the students are "to belong to the professor." Does this mean that he is to exercise discipline and enforce attendance? Can it be that he is to correspond with the parents? We can only pity him if it be so. It can hardly be meant that the students are to belong to any sub-professor, for they will attend probably two sets of lectures in one term and different ones in the next. Indeed the same difficulty arises in the case of the professor himself. Would a classical student belong to the Professor of Greek or of Latin, of Philology, or of Ancient History and Philosophy? Where are they to find continuity of supervision? Professor Price refers to Germany; but the German professor absolutely repudiates all responsibility about the student. He will keep no record of attendance; he does not know his pupils by sight; it is an axiom that he is to have no administrative functions. He represents learning, and is to put the results of his learning before the students in lectures or writings. Such functions have to be discharged, and in the present state of science they are not compatible with the interruptions of a teacher's life; so that if the professor is to be a tutor, we must invent some new functionary who shall be conversant with all that is done in his department of science. Professor Price cites Mr. W. Hopkins of Cambridge as an instance of an excellent teacher who was also a man of science; but his case rather tells the other way. He was an admirable teacher; he took a high tone; no pupil, it was said, ever ventured to ask him whether such or such a bit of knowledge "would pay for degree." He had a remarkable insight into the workings of young men's minds. The special knowledge of the great teacher always must be, not books, not science, so much as the nature of young people. No doubt he was singularly clear in his mathematical conceptions, and applied these conceptions to geology; but he would have owned at once that he could not keep up with mathematical progress so as to represent its latest phase. The *savant* professor must needs be a sort of watchman of learning, surveying the horizon from the top of a tower. Nor do we perceive by what means the magnificent personage imagined by Professor Price, who has spent a life both in teaching and learning, who has mastered his science and keeps pace with all that is done in it, is to exercise influence over the sub-professors. How is he to give the key-note of their teaching to those same persons who, in their unconverted tutorial days, "sneered at him as a spent mind"? The professor may no doubt, without being diverted from research, give *didactic* lectures—that is to say, lectures which in form are like a scientific paper of an hour long, in which he asks no questions and none are asked of him. The value of his lectures depends on his power of exciting interest, or on how far he can give something better than the existing books; as books improve, the difficulty of doing this increases. Formerly, when there were no scientific text-books, students took down from the lectures a treatise in manuscript. In the catechetical lecture questions are asked, and young men are made to translate or work examples, or in some way to be parties to what is going on. Their minds are not passive as in the former lecture. A small conversation class is very useful; but for such a lecture the number must be limited, and the students should form something like a family party. Young men of twenty do not like to be shown their blunders before strangers. No doubt a person may now and then be found fitted to perform admirably the functions both of the *savant* and the teacher; but, for reasons before given, this combination is likely to become more and more difficult to meet with. The lectures at colleges at the English Universities and the professorial lectures in Scotland are identical in form; they are catechetical for the freshmen and juniors, and didactic for the senior students. Indeed, what makes us think that the distinction between professorial and tutorial teaching is very much one of name is this. Every now and then one of those young tutors who, according to Professor Price, merely retail what they have learnt as undergraduates, is appointed to a professorship in Scotland, where he becomes at once, in the words of the Professor, "one of the acknowledged heads of his branch of learning."

Towards the close of his pamphlet Professor Price seems to be afraid that he has left nothing for the colleges to do. He seems

to forget that there are the passmen, said to amount at Oxford to nearly seventy per cent. of the body, and to between fifty and sixty per cent. at Cambridge. The education of these consists far more in giving them habits of mental discipline and the use of their brains than in any kind of knowledge. They learn little from being *told*; they must be made to *do*; to write exercises, or translations, or abstracts, or demonstrations, or to work examples. It is essential that the teacher should understand how to deal with them; the subjects are easy enough to comprehend, the young people not so easy. The relation of the teacher with them must be friendly; they must be certain of his interest in them; he must be accessible; and much of his work must be done by papers of questions. The colleges offer facilities for this kind of family superintendence, and they supply the advantage of continuity. The ordinary student must not be passed constantly from hand to hand; if any system were so to deal with him, he would abandon it and go to a private tutor. But besides the passmen, other students will require in some subjects the sort of help now given in the German "Seminarium"—an interior institution within the University—or English college. When a student has to practise a multitude of examples, or to do composition, either in English or in foreign languages, his work must be looked over; the tutor must see him operate. This requires personal attention and interest, and is the better provided in college, because the desire that a member of the college should do well leads the teacher to take pains. Professor Price does not seem to be aware how much spirit and energy will be destroyed by the loss of this zeal "for the credit of the college"; a vast deal is now done that is not bargained for to win honour for a pupil or to save him from failure. When a pupil passes from one hand to another term by term, doing Livy with one, Homer with another, philology with a third, and ancient philosophy with a fourth, who is to care about him? The college staff should be strong enough to supply supervision in certain branches, and by means of papers of questions to ascertain the progress of the pupil from time to time. One college would give fuller help in one line, one in another, but the undergraduate ought to have some one at hand to whom he can go in difficulties.

Professor Price would supply the wants of the students in the way of familiar guidance by the creation of an officer called a "Vice-Head." We cannot congratulate him on the happiness of his titles. He speaks as follows:—

But a still stronger bond may be devised for attaching the Undergraduate to his College. He needs something closer than the teaching of the combined Tutor or the Sub-Professor. He wants a friend who knows him personally and familiarly, who understands his nature, his intellectual and moral state, whose counsels are ever open to him, who can enter into his hopes and fears for the present and for the future. For the providing of such a friend, Professor Fowler has made what seems to be an excellent suggestion. A Vice-Head would exactly meet these requirements. It would be important that the College should assign to him a house within its walls. He would be a Fellow of the College, and his position further enlarged from its endowments, and supplemented, if there be need, with a small fee from every Undergraduate member of the society. It would be his duty to watch the course of these junior members, to furnish them with the advice which every young man in the pupillary state requires, to guide them in the choice of the studies to pursue, and to be, in the highest sense of the term, their personal friend.

The Professor then, having annihilated the Oxford tutor, who at Cambridge would be a lecturer with duties assigned him by the head tutor, proceeds to create, with a queer new name, what is very like a Cambridge College tutor—the person who undertakes the direction of the studies of each man, who is responsible to his friends and stands *in loco parentis*. He represents this element of continuity which is wanting in the professorial system. There is one great deficiency in any system of teaching which is carried on solely by *listening*; it is not effective for forming habits of mind, or for correcting defects. It is only the teacher who sees the mind of the pupil at work; some can carry just matter enough for one lecture, but no more; some are terribly deficient in power of expression, while some are glib enough, but their conceptions are imperfect, like the impression of a seal on half melted wax. These mental maladies require treatment; it is of no use preaching to the patient; he must be made to exercise his mind in the way wanted, just as in the case of a distorted limb he must be made to exercise and strengthen the muscles that may pull it into place. This kind of work should be done by those who are in communication with the pupil's friends and know his history; in fact, the college should represent a knowledge of the *students*, the public teachers that of subjects of study.

As we have before said, we would rather see a system grow up than be constructed and set going once for all, and therefore we watch with interest what is doing at the Universities to provide instruction in the multifarious studies which now find place in the course. The Inter-Collegiate system is growing, and we may look for much from its development. At Cambridge we find that, what with the Inter-Collegiate lectures and those given by the professors, there are more than a hundred courses of lectures open to every student in the University on the payment of one guinea for the term. Students may attend what lectures they please, but as a rule they consult their college tutor. Machinery has been provided whereby a record of attendance is sent to the tutor of the students without harassing the lecturers. In the courses of theology and medicine professors and college lecturers work together. The professors, we hear, took a lead in framing the scheme, and have secured their due influence thereby. The lecturers are appointed of course at present by the colleges, and receive either a fixed stipend or a share of the tuition besides the guinea fees. The

programme for each term is settled among the lecturers themselves. No doubt in time a more highly organized system of appointment and distribution of work may be needed. But at present the lecturers seem to justify their being left to shape their work for themselves; and experience will be gained from what is being done.

On the whole, on reviewing the state of things presented to us, we are inclined to take a more hopeful view than that of the writer of this pamphlet. The demand for men of high cultivation has its good side. The Universities may lose them, but they will have done good work in furnishing them to society. Moreover, the fact that those who show ability as tutors or in other University offices—for we must not forget the immense increase of administrative work spoken of by the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge in laying down the office—can find a good mart for their services elsewhere, strengthens greatly the independent position of the Universities. When the residents were in Holy Orders, they were forced either to stay where they were or to take livings, and the public got their services on its own terms. Now that they are laymen, they are in much demand, and are retained at Cambridge rather by the independence of their position and by corporate spirit than by large pay. Instead of the external world settling how much of the revenues of the University should be left to it, the residents can say to a Government, "We are keeping up the University for the nation, not for ourselves; and if you do not think it worth while to retain our services, we can carry them to a more appreciative market." Members of the Universities are now performing gratuitously in Delegacies and Syndicates many of the functions done elsewhere by a Ministry of Education.

Another hopeful sign is this. Education is becoming recognized as a science; it is only in the inferior newspapers and in some platform utterances that we find that jumbling of notions which prevailed ten years back even among men of consideration. Ideas are working themselves clear, functions that were confused are getting to be separated, and intelligible distinctions are being laid down. This we take to be a sure symptom that order is winning its way into the chaos. We are glad to mark symptoms of this in the recognition of the distinct functions of examinations as a means of selection and an instrument of education; of the possible opposition between the qualities which make the *savant* and those which are essential for the teacher; of the difference between the kinds of learning which result in capacities, and those which terminate in the information conveyed; and, again, between those which convey information and others which are mainly valuable for developing habits of mind. However valuable and useful mere knowledge may be, it is but apparel which is liable to wear out; while habits, such as that of being master of one's own attention, or that of fastening the thoughts on one train of matters at a time, become parts of a man's self and remain with him for life.

SOME GERMAN TRAITS.

THE dress of the male sex throughout Europe tends so much towards a monotonous uniformity that it has ceased to be any obvious index of nationality. It is only the details of costume which preserve any individuality or national significance. One must glance at the hands or the head or the feet to discover whether a stranger belongs to one of the Latin or the Teutonic races. The Englishman stands confessed by his chimney-pot hat, and the veneration with which he regards it, the Frenchman by his passion for gloves, the German by his boots. The exclusive supremacy of the boot throughout Germany raises that humble but useful article of attire to the dignity of a national feature. It is curiously co-extensive with the limits of the Empire. What is known geographically as Deutschland might be designated, from a tutorial point of view, as Boot-land. Cross the frontier of Holland or Denmark, and you find yourself again in Shoe-land, or a land in which the shoe at least alternates with the boot. If ever the Treaty of Prague is executed, the attention of the Boundary Commissioners should, *inter alia*, be specially directed to the manner in which the North Schleswigians dress their feet. Where shoes begin in any number to appear, there is a strong presumption that the Danish element in the population preponderates. Then, apart from the ethnological interest which attaches to it, the German boot is worthy of study, not merely for what it is in itself, but also for what it symbolizes. To an English eye it is fearfully and wonderfully made. A parallelogram of strident leather, surmounted over the instep by a cylinder of the same material, is a feeble description of its impressive proportions. It has none of the graceful but effeminate curves of the boot of these islands. Probably its lines are traced upon some ancient and time-hallowed model. So shod, Arminius may have ranged the Hercynian Forest; with some such protection to his ankles, the hero may have withstood the legions of Rome. Its survival into modern times may be regarded as a symbol of the strong conservative bias of the nation, and its veneration, even in details, for a remote but glorious past. Or is the German boot a practical irony of the *Schuster* and his craftsmen, who are generally credited with radical leanings, and intended to suggest how ill the primitive and the antique assort with an age of improvement? By recurring to the boot of Arminius they may have a sly hope of quickening their countrymen's advance along the path of progress. Whatever theory of its genesis we adopt, it remains a marvel of amplitude and angularity. Its effect

is visible in the national gait. Small Maxes and Fritzes may be seen waddling to school engulfed in leather, while the adult German manoeuvres his legs as if dragging at each remove two slowly swinging pendulums. Perhaps the most imposing vision of the German boot is obtained as you pick your way, when the "honoured travellers" are a-bed, along the corridor of a German hotel. It bristles with stiff, massive, square-toed objects which would seem to have been constructed rather for purposes of aggression than of ease. Your shins tingle as you pass them. Deadlier instruments for treading on the tender places of a neighbour or adding momentum to the retreat of a flying foe it would be difficult to imagine. A Prussian boot rampant would be no inapt device for the German Empire and the masterful policy which has made it.

If the Germans are the most booted nation in Europe, they are also supreme among nations in their hatred of fresh air. Their power of dispensing with oxygen is simply astounding, and it would be curious to know how it affects the vital statistics of the country. Not only is an atmosphere heavily charged with carbonic acid gas indispensable to all their hours of social pleasure, but they insist remorselessly on inflicting it upon the stranger within their gates. Subject to this condition, a *table-d'hôte* is like a scene out of the *Inferno*. With the thermometer well over 80°, with a blaze of gas overhead, and with a company not falling far short of a hundred, every window in the *Speisesaal* remains hermetically sealed. In vain you gasp out a timid appeal to the bland *Oberkellner*. He feels a certain compassion for the weakness of English lungs, but the *Herrschaft* is inexorable. In your repugnance to dinner with a sauce of noxious vapour you are in a minority of one. Despair makes you subtle. You are temptingly near to a window. Haply unnoticed, you may open a tiny vent for fresh air. Instantly there arises a chorus of guttural malediction, as if the remonstrants had been smitten by a blast from the North Pole. The *Oberkellner* flies to do the bidding of the *Herrschaft*: your chink is closed with an angry slam; and you are left to finish your meal in a state of asphyxia. Nor is foul air the only unpleasant accompaniment of a German *table-d'hôte*. To put it mildly, the Germans have a good deal to learn in discriminating the function of the knife in the process of feeding. That instrument was clearly never intended for the palate, still less for purposes of menace to the uvula. Yet well-dressed men, and, what is more remarkable, well-dressed women, do not scruple in dining to bring it into proximity with those organs. Nor, again, is the production *coram populo* of a pocket-comb for toilet purposes exactly appetizing as a prelude to a feast. But these things are almost graces compared with an unpardonable offence against good manners which is unhappily not quite unknown to travellers in Germany. The limits of human endurance are passed when, in a dining-room or railway carriage, after noisy preliminaries, the throat is cleared after the free and easy fashion of the streets. We are far from quoting such outrages against good manners as typical of the nation, which reckons among its citizens men as well bred and nicely mannered as are to be found in any other nation of Europe. But we may safely assert that among Englishmen of the lower middle class, say the commercial room of the "Lion" or the "Bull," they are simply unheard of.

The Germans vie with the French in a passion for minute regulation. Both distrust the human unit, and leave as little as possible to his discretion. But while in the one case this springs from a fanatical belief in administration, in the other the motive is a fussy and pedantic benevolence. There is the stamp of kindly intention on German officialism, however irritating. We are referring here to its dealing with small matters, for important concerns are conducted on too military a model to warrant the assertion with reference to their organization. Thus at Dresden you are, or at least a year ago you were, directed by a printed notice to keep to the right in walking the streets—a piece of advice which one would think a regard for his shins would be enough to suggest to the wayfarer. The arrangement for hiring cabs at the stations of the same charming city is another instance of officialism descending to details which to the non-German mind are better left to the dictates of individual common sense. You are presented on leaving the terminus with a ticket inscribed with a number, which corresponds with that of one of the numerous vehicles in attendance outside, and in that conveyance, and no other, are you permitted to proceed to your hotel. In the dusk and in the confusion of arrival it is not always easy to find it, and you are left to wander along a line of disengaged *droschkes* in search of it. To permit the traveller to ensconce himself in the first vacant conveyance would seem to be a simpler arrangement, but doubtless a less symmetrical one, and a disregard of that eternal fitness of things into which the German official mind loves to dovetail all administrative details. Pleasure is no less elaborately organized than business. The *Schwimmbad* is an admirable institution which England would do well to borrow more extensively from Germany. But it is somewhat pedantic to treat it as a peg upon which to hang an almost Shakspearian classification of the ages of man. At Heidelberg the accommodation for swimmers is divided into four compartments, one for "boys," one for "young people," one for "grown-up people," and one for "older people." A conscientious bather might hesitate whether to plunge in among the *Erwachsene* or the *ältere Leute*, and, though conscious of being no longer exactly a Narcissus, he might object to ticket himself as an "elder." The theatre is a national institution of which Germans may be justly proud. With them it is really an instrument of culture, placed within the reach of the masses. Its organization is very complete, but character-

istically intricate. The minute parcelling-out of the auditorium, and the correspondingly elaborate tariff of prices, are bewildering to a foreigner. But, with a paternal regard for the convenience and the pocket of the intending playgoer, the hieroglyphic in which seats and prices are set forth is exhibited in various public places, and, with a little patient study, may be deciphered. Even the demeanour of a theatrical audience is not beyond the reach of regulation. Late arrivals are cautioned not to proceed to their places until the first pause in the performance; an excellent rule, which one would gladly see extended in England to a prohibition of those early departures which convert the concluding part of every concert or oratorio into a rabble. At Hanover the public is warned by a printed notification not to recall the principal performers to the stage between the acts, except in that decidedly unclassical form of entertainment a "Posse mit Gesang." It is curious that, with all the minute regard which the official mind in Germany displays for the fallibility of the individual and his urgent need of leading-strings, it has left him until lately to cope unaided with an embarrassment which to a foreigner is the most serious of any. We refer to the coinage, or rather the coinages. As an exercise in mental arithmetic, a visit to Germany has not been without its use, but the unready reckoner has had a bad time of it. Not only has he had to guess at the probable value of coins so worn and defaced as to defy identification, to try to fathom the mystery of "good" groschen whose goodness was anything but obvious, and "new" groschen whose newness was wasted with age, but as he moved along to translate at a moment's notice these vague components of the thaler into florins and kreutzers, and *vice versa*. At Hamburg the perplexity of travellers in dealing with the circulating medium may be said to have culminated, or rather to have fairly passed into the domain of comedy. Any one who has watched the abortive attempts of an English tourist to calculate the value of a handful of change in three separate coinages tendered to him in that bright and busy city, and the equally abortive attempts of a German waiter to expound the enigma, has witnessed a scene as amusing as any of the whimsical complications which Mr. Toole or Mr. Buckstone makes so diverting. Of course the new Imperial coinage will alter all this; but that it has remained so long unaltered in a land where the minutest trifles are regulated by the State is at least singular.

Of humour, as a mental habit which notes not without sympathy the contrasts and incongruities with which human life teems, and acts as a curb upon emotional effusiveness, Germans are singularly devoid. Simplicity and earnestness are excellent qualities, but they seldom co-exist with a strong sense of the ridiculous. Neither the literature nor the journalism of Germany is penetrated by any large vein of humour. Goethe himself would have been a considerably less voluminous author if an acute perception of the ludicrous had restrained his pen. Touches of humour are perhaps rarer in Schiller than in any other poet of equal magnitude. And in this defect of temperament these two great writers are typical of their countrymen of to-day. German novels are decidedly heavy reading, and the wholesale importation of Thackeray and Dickens betrays a consciousness that the demand for humorous writing is greater than the native supply. To an English reader *Kladderadatsch* suggests a pedagogue masquerading in cap and bells. Its sallies affect him in the same sort of way that Sydney Smith was affected by Scotch "wut." It does not require, however, a surgical operation to possess a German of a joke. With him the springs of laughter lie extremely near the surface. Only the joke must be of a certain type, either of the didactic and academic kind, or the broadest of broad farce. The sort of incident on the stage which convulses a German audience with merriment is an abrupt exit by which some one entering with *impedimenta* in the shape of crockery or wine-glasses is upset. As an instance of this physical humour we may cite a piece entitled *Die lustigen Vagabonden*, which has held the stage for two consecutive years with marked acceptance. In it is portrayed the career of two jolly adventurers who get into prison and out of prison with amazing dexterity, attend an evening party in various disguises, and electrify the company with their antics. A little of this goes a long way with those who have outlived their taste for pantomime. One is tempted to envy the childlike glee which it excites, and the verdict of "sehr komisch" which mature playgoers pronounce upon it.

To a defective sense of humour may be referred those naïve announcements which stud the advertisement sheet of German newspapers. There, cheek by jowl with praise of Portland Cement and Wilson and Wheeler's Sewing Machine, one comes upon idyllic episodes of family history. Gustav and Julie rush into print with an announcement that they are "betrothed." There is a touch of rapture in their laconic "Verlobte." Another pair of turtle doves have the honour to announce their "accomplished union," as though the course of true love had not hitherto been exactly smooth. Rudolph and Frau take up the story of domestic bliss at a further point of its development. They have been "highly delighted" by the happy birth of a "strong" boy or a "healthy" girl. These announcements are made much more graphic by being expressed in the first person, instead of the colourless third in which similar events are notified in this country. In one point of view they are pleasing enough, as affording glimpses of many happy interiors, and evidence of the honour in which family ties are held in Germany. But they also point to an inability to discern the limits of the personal and domestic; and this want of insight has its root in defect of humour. A sense of the ludicrous would prevent an Englishman, however proud of his

paternity, from announcing himself *ubi* and *orbi* as the father of a bouncing boy. Perhaps on these matters we are over-reserved; but then it is possible to be over-natural.

MONTGOMMERY.

THE number of Norman surnames which have attached themselves to the older names of English towns and villages is, as every one must know, endless; but the number of places in England to which Norman names have been transferred as the names of the places themselves is not very large. And, as a rule, they have not displaced older English names, but are the names of absolutely new creations. Pontefract takes its name from an accident of the Conqueror's great Northern campaign, but it does not seem to have supplanted any earlier name. The Cistercian abbey of Yorkshire have in several cases French names given to them by their Norman founders; but here, above all, there were no earlier names to displace. And here and there throughout England a castle or a monastery may be found bearing a name of the same class as Pontefract and Rievaulx. But two names of the class stand out conspicuously above all others. The name of Richmond has travelled from Brittany to Yorkshire and from Yorkshire to Surrey, and we fear that to many minds the name suggests Surrey rather than Yorkshire. The castle of Count Alan has given its name to a Parliamentary borough, to an archdeaconry, to one of the subordinate shires of the great northern county. The existence of Richmondshire, as well as several changes in the boundaries of counties, shows how the land, while always keeping its main divisions, has been mapped out afresh in detail from time to time. Alongside of Richmond, almost indeed before it, we may place the great name of Montgomery, as the Norman name which has found for itself the most abiding resting-place in our island. A spot of Norman ground gave its name to a Norman family, and the most famous bearer of that name bore it into the conquered land to become the name of a castle, of a borough, and lastly of a shire. One might be curious to know how far the inhabitants or neighbours of either Montgomery ever stop to think of the strange accident which has made the same name common to their own dwelling-place and to a spot so distant. The colony should at least have heard of the metropolis; it is not equally clear that the metropolis is bound to have heard of the colony.

The original Montgomery—the French spelling has an *m* in it more than the English—stands not far from the small town of Livarot, near the boundary of the modern departments of Calvados and Orne. The place is said to have been itself a small town, but at present there is hardly anything at Montgomery which can be called even a village. But the two parishes of Montgomery contain among them two churches—churches of the least possible value as pieces of architecture—the sites of two castles, and a manor-house of the early part of the seventeenth century, which was the dwelling-place of the Counts of Montgomery of the last race. The land is one of hills and dales, though of hills and dales on no very great scale, and though some of the streams—should we not in Normandy say the *becks*?—which water the dales are as small as streams can be. At the bottom of one of these little valleys stands the last building which has borne the name of the Castle of Montgomery, the manor just spoken of, a wooden house of small pretensions. It forms a group with the traces of one of the elder castles, and with one of the Montgomery churches, that of St. Faith. The traces of this castle consist wholly of earthworks, and of earthworks of no great size. There is a small mound or *motte*—*moat*, it must be remembered, has, like *ditch* and *dyke*, two meanings; as an *egger* and a *fossa* imply one another, the same has come to mean both. The *motte* therefore, in the French sense, implies a *moat* in the English sense, a moat which branches off from the central mound in more directions than one, and whose exact bearing we must leave Mr. G. T. Clark to explain. But the question instinctively suggests itself, Can this insignificant little mound, which could hardly have borne anything greater than a pele-tower, be the famous castle of Montgomery, the castle which defied the sieges of Count Alan of Brittany and King Henry of France, the home of Roger and Mabel, the castle whose lord crossed the sea to rule as earl, almost as prince, on the British border? We contrast the low and insignificant site with the proud steep of *Tre Baldwin*, where the ruins of the British castle of Montgomery overhang the land of the conquered Cynry like the true vulture's nest of an invading chief. If this is Montgomery, *Mons Gomerici*, we ask, where is the mount? That this is one Montgomery there is no doubt. These earthworks are the traces of that castle of Montgomery which was destroyed in the sixteenth century as part of the sentence on its Count. It is a familiar tale how Henry the Second—the French King of course, not the more renowned Count, Duke, and King of the same name and number—died by the accidental thrust of Montgomery's lance, and how the unwitting traitor was years after done to death, less for his real crimes than for his chance stroke in the tourney. To have slain a French King would have been no great crime in the elder days of Montgomery; in Valois times it brought with it the symbolic destruction of the castle as well as the death of its lord. The castle became heaps; when in after times the honours of the house were restored, the wooden manor-house arose in its stead. Still, in what sense is the site *Mons Gomerici*, or *Mons* anything?

Let the visitor prolong his walk a mile or more, and he will find

his puzzle half solved, half increased. Let him turn to the right a little way beyond the church, and the road will lead him to a castle of Montgomery of quite another kind. The *Mons* is no great thing by the side of *Tre Baldwin*: Archbishop Price of Cashel could have driven his coach and six up it with ease; still it is a hill, and it is beyond doubt the true *Mons Gomerici*. The view across the valley and into the more distant valleys is rich and pleasing; the Forest of Montgomery crowns the opposite ridge, but the site of the lower castle is too deeply hidden at the bottom of its dell to be seen. And here are the remains of another castle, earthworks indeed only, just as on the lower site, but earthworks of quite another kind and scale. Here is the height for which we are seeking. From Château-Gaillard Mr. Green, in a well-known passage, professes to have seen Runnymede. One wonders that the ingenious writer who has lately been taking him to task in the interests of Henry the Eighth and Flogging Fitzgerald has not brought this remarkable feat of vision to the bar of the laws of physical science. But, with so good an example before us, we will venture to use the same license, and to look from the *Mons Gomerici* as far as the shore of Pevensey and the height of Senlac, as far as Arundel and Shrewsbury and Wenlock and the far Montgomery by the British march. On all these spots of our own island the most famous lord of that height has left his name; on many of them he has left his footsteps. Here a castle, there a monastery, still lives, perfect or ruined, to preserve the memory of Roger of Montgomery. Like the rest of the great barons of the Conquest, his honours, if not his name, have passed away. The great earldoms of the Welsh march were all short-lived; it was the policy of our Kings to make them short-lived. It was no less their policy to hinder the same man from being over-powerful on both sides of the sea. On the death of Roger—it was as a monk in his own house of Shrewsbury that he died—the place from which he took his name, and the place to which he gave it, parted owners. It was only when the second Earl Hugh died in the fight with the Norwegian invaders of North Wales that the English and Norman possessions of the house were again united in the hands of the fierce Robert of Belesme, the worst of the sons of a cruel mother, and who fittingly chose to call himself after her possessions. Whatever were the sins of Roger himself, he may pass for just and merciful alongside of his first wife and his most famous son.

The part played by Robert of Belesme in the days of Rufus and Henry the First stands out in the history of the time, but it has not much to do with either the Norman or the British Montgomery. On English ground the place which most suggests his evil memory is his fortress of Bridgenorth. At the Norman Montgomery we are left to speculate on the origin of the name and the date of the earthworks. In contemplating them Roger himself passes out of our thoughts; we see that he and his forefathers must on that spot have been comparatively recent intruders. The huge fosse in the hill-side, surrounding a natural mound improved by art standing ready to receive a shell-keep like Cardiff or Totnes, was surely no work of the Norman. In Normandy, as in England, the Norman commonly entrenched himself on spots on which earlier dwellers had entrenched themselves before him. The fosse at Montgomery almost carries us back to Badbury and Old Sarum, though we have not, as there, fosse within fosse, fencing in the successive circles of an impregnable Ecbatana. At least it carries us back to Arques, and the great ditch at Arques was assuredly not the work of that William who defended it against his mightier kinsman and namesake. We may feel sure that the ditch of Montgomery had been dug and the mound thrown up before the days of Rolf, perhaps before the days of Caesar. We walk round the rampart, we come down again into the crater, for such it is; we go down once more into the fosse—at every step cursing the growth of low wood, which seems to be thought an ornament of primitive as ivy is of later works—and we look in vain for masonry. There are said to be passages dug in the hill; but the passages, as well as the castle well, have been filled up, and of walls we see no traces. Can it be, as some say, that the fortress which defied Breton and Frenchman was a fortress of wood, something not greatly advanced beyond King Ida's dyke and hedge at Bamburgh? Or is it, as others say, that, in a land where every scrap of stone is sought after, the very foundations have been grubbed up to find materials for modern buildings? We do not pretend to decide the question—we might be more inclined to try if the brushwork were somewhat less thick; we leave it to the judgment of Mr. Clark. Still less do we take upon ourselves to say who was the Gomericus who gave his name to the hill. Inquirers of a mystical turn have carried thither the patriarch Gomer, in whom the late Archdeacon Williams found so happy a yokefellow for Homer. And if Gomer is once landed on the hill, there need be no check on any number of theories about Cimbri, Cymry, Cimmerians, or anything of the kind. We would only venture just to hint that to our ears *Gomericus* sounds very like a corruption of some name ending in a Teutonic *ric*; but we can go no further; we are not prepared with any known eponymous hero. But however Montgomery came by its name, it is at least certain that no place has ever given its name to a greater number of places and persons. Oddly enough, the second line of the lords of Montgomery, that of the modern Counts, is said to have been founded by an adventurer from Scotland who bore the name of the place of which he became the owner. He may, or he may not, have had the blood of Roger in his veins—that is for Sir Bernard Burke to settle—but however he came by his name, he must have taken it, directly or indirectly, from Roger's fortress. When Mont-

gomery had become the name of a town, any number of families might take their name from that as from any other town; still every Montgomery took his name either from the original hill of Gomericus or from some place which was called after the hill of Gomericus. Whoever the eponymous hero was, he has been singularly lucky in spreading his name through many lands.

COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT AND FATHER HYACINTHE.

WE quoted at the end of an article last week a few words from a recently published letter of the late Count de Montalembert to Dr. Döllinger. But the position of the writer, the subject of his letter, and the time when it was written—on the eve of the opening of the Vatican Council, and amid the excruciating sufferings which three months afterwards brought him to the grave—combine to give it an interest which subsequent events have very considerably increased. It is quite worth while therefore to notice its contents a little more fully. Our readers are aware that Montalembert, the "son of the Crusaders" as he loved to call himself, was from his earliest years a zealous and even impassioned champion of the Church of his birth and his affections. In public and in private throughout the whole course of his life he devoted to the cause of Catholicism, as he understood it, the whole energies of a generous and impulsive nature, and his almost unrivalled eloquence of tongue and pen. Till within the last few years of his life he would have been universally regarded, by friend and foe alike, as the foremost lay representative of Ultramontane claims. And this circumstance necessarily gives a superadded force to the comments on modern Ultramontanism to which we are about to call attention. It may indeed be objected that when we speak of a "transformation" in the spirit of the Church, the real change was in himself; and no doubt there was a change—perhaps a far greater change than he was distinctly aware of—in his own theological attitude. But it is at least equally clear that this alteration of view on his own part was caused partly by a real and very momentous change—or development, if that word be preferred—in the views of the party with which he had so long thrown in his lot; partly by his gaining from prolonged experience a deeper insight into the true character of what had always been their leading principles. It is always somewhat hazardous to predict what those who have gone from us would have thought or done under the altered conditions of a later day; but yet we can hardly be wrong in assuming that the reaction which had been going on in Montalembert's mind during the later years of his life would have acquired a fresh intensity had he survived to witness the issue and results of the Vatican Synod. We have ourselves had something to say on this subject, in our review of Mrs. Oliphant's inadequate Life of the great Frenchman. The estimate which he has left on record of the situation when the Council opened leaves little room for doubting that. But it is time to give our readers a sketch of the letter addressed to Dr. Döllinger, under date of November 7, 1869, which has just been printed in the *Deutsche Merkur*, the organ of the German Old Catholics. And in doing so we would specially direct attention to the way in which the names of certain distinguished prelates—of whom the writer would have had to speak very differently now—are introduced into the document. If they ever deign to cast an eye on what their present theory must compel them to treat as an heretical organ, we will do them the justice to believe that they will scarcely read without a blush of conscious shame. It is not pleasant to be thus forcibly reminded how the limbo of good intentions has been paved with our forgotten engagements and broken vows.

Montalembert begins by saying that he writes at the urgent request of Bishop Dupanloup of Orleans to entreat Döllinger to come to the Council, apparently in the capacity of theological adviser to Cardinal Schwarzenberg, "who had made a point with the Roman authorities of his being present." He therefore writes, in spite of his great weakness, "with a voice which already comes, as it were, from the other world." He says that he is alive in his coffin, and contemplates from thence, "with the disinterestedness and impartiality of one who is already dead to what passes in the world, and can speak therefore with the same authority to those who will listen." So keenly does he feel on the subject that, were it possible for him, as a mere layman, to be present at the Council, he would try to drag himself to Rome though he perished on the road, "to protest against the vile things (*bassesces*) which are to be brought forward there, and may even prevail"—as in fact they did prevail. But, as he cannot go himself, he entreats his friend Döllinger, "indisputably the first man in the German Church," to devote his priceless gifts to the cause of the truth and Church of God at this crisis of her extremest peril. As he has himself stood almost alone in the fearful (*affreux*) Corps Législatif of the Second Empire, so his friend should not shrink from offering in the Vatican Synod an independent homage to truth and justice. The force of the comparison will not escape our readers. It would be very wrong for Döllinger "to offer a culpable resistance to the illustrious prelates who have called him to their side," and who have since conspired to anathematize him. It is to be hoped that "the great Newman" will also accept the invitation of Bishop Dupanloup to accompany him as his theologian. We can hardly wonder that neither Dr. Döllinger nor Dr. Newman cared to burn their fingers in a hopeless attempt to subdue brute force with moral and material weapons.

And then follows the startling passage, part of which we extracted last week, but which is well worth reproducing in full:—

You admire much, no doubt, the Bishop of Orleans; but you would admire him much more if you could but fancy to yourself the abyss of idolatry into which the French clergy have fallen, and which surpasses anything that ever could have been imagined in the days of my youth, or in the times of Frayssinous and Lamennais. Poor Mgr. Maret is treated as a heretic and apostate by the lowest of our *curés*, for having set forth the most moderate opinions in a language full of gentleness and charity. Of all the mysteries presented by the history of the Church, I know none that surpasses or equals this transformation, so rapid and complete, of the French Catholic Church, into a *basse-cour de l'anti-caméra du Vatican*.

And the letter closes, as it begins, with the assurance that "the writer is lying in his death agony, without hope or desire of recovery, sadly and slowly wasting away." Some years earlier, at the Catholic Congress at Malines, Montalembert had made a protest in defence of liberty of conscience which gave marked offence at Rome, and to the entire Romanizing party throughout the Church. In a later deliverance he spoke in language which Pius IX. condemned bitterly, to resent and punish—so far as in him lay—after the writer's death, of "the idol of the Vatican." This dying letter of his to Dr. Dollinger cannot therefore be put aside as a mere sudden outburst of spleen, or disappointment, or nervous irritability; it conveys the grave and deliberate expression—wrung from him in the bitterness of his soul at the condition of the Church he had so faithfully served and so fondly loved—of his final and most fixed convictions. Had he lived to see "the illustrious prelates" Dupanloup and Schwarzenberg tamely succumb, after going through the idle forms of an ineffectual protest, to the very "basenesses" against which they called Dollinger to contend, and reject him as a heretic for himself adhering to his convictions; had he seen Mgr. Maret "efface" under similar pressure the very moderate opinions he had so gently and charitably maintained, his cup of bitterness would indeed have overflowed. He was spared what to his trustful and generous nature would have been a painful surprise, but he lived long enough to leave on record the matured judgment of the ablest and most single-minded of recent Ultramontanians on the spirit and policy of Ultramontanism.

We pass by a natural transition from the testimony of one who but six years ago was the leading layman to him who at the same period was the most popular and brilliant preacher of the French Church. Montalembert has carried his passionate protest to the grave; Father Hyacinthe has lived to translate his words into action. That his discretion has always been equal to his zeal and transparent sincerity we are certainly very far from maintaining. We were not alone in denouncing at the first what appeared, and still appears, to us the conspicuous unwisdom, to say the least, of one of the earliest incidents of his new career. Waiving all question of the expediency, or even the moral lawfulness, of the Roman rule of compulsory celibacy, it was an obvious mistake for a monk and priest, who was doubly pledged to the observance of that rule, to begin his career as a reformer by violating it. And it is clear that he has seriously impaired his influence by doing so. But, having said thus much, we are bound to add that he has shown throughout a directness and singleness of purpose as far removed from selfishness as from personal vanity or ambition. The flimsiest pretence of submission to the Vatican dogmas would have been eagerly accepted, and he might still have been the idol of the admiring thousands who for years had hung with rapture on his every syllable delivered from the pulpit of Notre Dame. Of course his professions would have been only skin-deep, but does any one imagine that those of the illustrious personages to whom Montalembert refers were anything more? Then again, after sacrificing to his conscience the high position he had won for himself in the Church, he might have attained a considerable, if not an equal, reputation as the founder of a new sect. And this is precisely what both his assailants and many of his new admirers predicted for him. But here again conscience interposed, and he refused by any act of his own to repudiate the Church which he desired not to overthrow, but to reform from within, and would not become the founder of a sect. There was therefore no work or position possible to him in France, and he accepted an invitation from the so-called Liberal Catholics in Geneva. But in doing so he expressly stipulated that the reform to be carried out should be "Christian, Catholic, and Liberal—Christian as adhering to positive and revealed Christianity; Catholic as adhering to traditional and historical Catholicism, but without the absolutism of Rome; Liberal as abstaining from all measures of oppression towards the Ultramontane Catholics." His terms were accepted, and he came to Geneva, but he soon discovered that, "instead of a Church accepted by the State, there was to be a Church set up and imposed by it," and ruled by a Chamber composed mainly of Calvinists, Deists, and sceptics. To this he strongly objected, but ultimately he was induced against his better judgment to take an oath of obedience to the "organic law," for which he expresses his deep regret in the Discourses on "the Catholic Church in Switzerland" which he has just published, and which he more publicly retracted by resigning his post, thus again sacrificing his temporal interests and reputation to the call of conscience. He explains in these Discourses the system which he there rejects as Erastian, and which he declines to recognize as a Christian and Catholic Church at all; "an establishment governed by ecclesiastical Councils in which may sit men who openly profess to hold a different moral or doctrinal belief from that of the Church." He can neither

accept nor comprehend the principle "which permits the same man to be in his daily life an atheist or deist, and to become orthodox on a particular day and in a particular room, *ad hoc*, and there to pronounce censures on the heretical priest whose only crime consists in sharing the unbelief without emulating the prudence of his judge." He goes on to avow his firm adherence to the Catholic doctrines and sacraments under the guidance of an Episcopate holding in lineal succession from the Apostles, and as regards the sacraments he especially insists that, while the worship of the Father must be in spirit and in truth, yet, as the Word was made Flesh, so the Christian worship has assumed a bodily form which addresses and consecrates all our faculties and our bodily senses. "If this be magic, it is the magic of the Incarnation, and I am not ashamed of it." He proceeds, in a passage which we have no room to extract, but which will be of great interest to his Anglican readers, to state his view of the position of the "Anglo-Saxon Church" both in England and America, of whose valid orders he entertains no doubt—citing Lingard and Bossuet, as well as more recent authorities—though he considers the Thirty-nine Articles a "distressing" bequest of the Calvinistic teaching prevalent under Edward VI., "which it is as difficult to efface as to mistake." But he appeals against it to "those two inaccessible fortresses, the Prayer Book and the hierarchy," wherein lies the true cohesive force which binds together the Episcopal Church in one. It is clear from the whole tone of these Discourses that Father Hyacinthe has remained true to the opinions he has all along professed, even at his own cost. He may have been, and we think has been, often very indiscreet, but there is nothing to suggest that he has been otherwise than perfectly straightforward and sincere. And it is clear that his belief is still not only definitely Christian, but definitely Catholic—we might even say Roman Catholic, if that term had not come to be considered almost synonymous with Ultramontane. He would devote his energies to make his Church what Montalembert would have desired to see it. How far such an enterprise has any promise of success is too wide a question to be raised here. That it has long been, and still is, the cherished ideal of some of the keenest intellects and noblest natures trained within the Roman fold, is a notorious and not unimportant fact.

A NEW PROFESSION.

SOME letters have appeared lately in the *Morning Post* under the seductive title of "A New Profession," which, however, contain a proposal which has been often made before. It is suggested that men of position and reputation should undertake the duties of trustees as a profession, and charge a commission upon the value of the estate entrusted to them. It is objected to this proposal that the rules of what has hitherto been called the Court of Chancery do not allow trustees to charge any commission or other reward for their services; but it might be answered that that Court often undertakes to do the duties of trustees for them, and under the Judicature Act that Court will henceforth charge a commission on the value of the estates which it administers. It might seem reasonable, therefore, to allow trustees to do that which the Court will do. The truth is that when an estate is large and the trusts complicated, trustees cannot satisfactorily perform their duties, and testators, knowing this, sometimes direct that their estates shall be wound up in court, using a machinery rather administrative than judicial, which is excellently adapted for the purpose. If men of position and reputation could and would do this business as well as the Court does it, we should say that they would be cheaply remunerated by a commission. But we know only too well that this proposed Association would go the same way as many others. The men of position and reputation would be merely ornamental figures, which would be manipulated by a clever secretary, who might or might not be honest. We are told that in this new profession the possession of capital would be of less importance than perfect trustworthiness and acknowledged integrity; and if so, what a delightful profession it would be! Unfortunately, when a great fraud is committed, the perpetrator generally is a man whose trustworthiness has been considered perfect, and whose integrity no one would have ventured to dispute. With every respect for moral qualities in a man, we think that invested capital is a better security for the conduct of a director. It is proposed, however, that a few men of this kind, forming themselves into a public company, of which they would be both directors and shareholders, should publicly announce themselves to intending testators as prepared to undertake the duties of professional trustees. Their duties would consist in receiving and taking charge of monies, deeds, and securities, in providing for their conversion into cash, and for investment and distribution. They would supervise the proceedings of their solicitor, and sign whatever deeds or documents might be presented to them "precisely as trustees now do." There could hardly be a more accurate description of the proceedings of an ordinary Board of Directors, if only for solicitor you read secretary. Get a lord, a rear-admiral, and two or three gentlemen who live in a "house" or "hall," and add briefless barristers at discretion, to form your Board. It would be convenient that the secretary should be a solicitor or barrister; but this would not be necessary, because, as a learned judge once said, a man may be honest without being a lawyer, and the great feature of this Association would be character. Intending testators would go to their graves in peace

after having in effect appointed a lord and a rear-admiral to be their executors. There might even be a duke or an earl for president of the Association, and that would be almost equal to knowing that a coronetted carriage would follow one to the cemetery, which would be a great comfort in one's last moments. These high-minded directors would not have to look solely to the widows' and the orphans' thanks for their reward; for there would be the commission already mentioned, and also profits on loans. If ordinary trustees lend money on mortgage, their solicitor charges costs against the borrower, but this Association would have a solicitor working at a fixed salary, which would be more than paid by the commission they would charge on the advance. There would be room, says the enthusiastic author of this project, in every town in England for many such Boards of Trustees, where the best known and most trusted men of the place would find honourable and lucrative employment.

It is not wonderful that proposals of this kind crop up from time to time, and it may be enough to say in reference to the last, that sufficient opportunities for swindling under the cloak of respectability exist already. A more hopeful plan would be that of what have been called "official trustees" forming a branch of the public service, and giving a national guarantee for the funds entrusted to them. This would be, in effect, an extension of the system of the Court of Chancery from large estates to small ones, and such a system would be capable of being worked by the sort of men who have been appointed chief clerks in Chancery. An experienced solicitor could dispose of almost all the questions which would arise, and upon legal points of difficulty there might be a higher authority like the judge in Chancery to refer to. There could not be much question as to the public utility of such an office, provided it could be made to pay. Another proposal of the same kind was, as we learn from another letter in the *Morning Post*, submitted to Parliament by the South Sea Company more than twenty years ago. They proposed that a Company should be formed for the execution of trusts, and that South Sea stock to the amount of 500,000*l.* should be set apart as a guarantee fund. It is evident that this plan was much more likely to be approved by a Parliamentary Committee than one in which grand talk about trustworthiness and integrity was offered as a substitute for capital, and the South Sea Company further proposed that their "fine premises in Threadneedle Street" should be converted into offices for the new business. But the plan was rejected, as we are told, by Parliament for the curious reason that the Court of Chancery did not sanction the remuneration of trustees; so it seems to have been assumed by the lawyers who moved the rejection of the Bill that the rules of equity must control even the course of legislation. If any such plan were brought forward now, and Parliamentary sanction were desired for it, we do not think that sanction would be refused on the ground which seems to have been taken in 1853; for although Parliament has put equity above law, it is not likely to put equity above itself. The notion of a guarantee fund of stock which might still be transferred, but subject to making good the guarantee, was, so far as we know, peculiar to the South Sea project. Whether such a stock would have been saleable, and at what price, were questions which would only have concerned the holders.

All such proposals have at least this recommendation, that they offer a means of escape from a serious difficulty of our time. Dickens makes one of his characters descend upon the absurdity of England's expecting that every man would do his duty, and it is even more unreasonable to suppose that every trustee will do that which the claims of friendship and the rules of courts of equity combine to require from him. A man of ordinary capacity, with his own affairs to attend to, cannot undertake matters which require the skill and knowledge of a lawyer and a man of business. Ladies are apt to worry their trustees about investments, expecting as a general rule five per cent. or more on unexceptionable security. But that annoyance may be avoided by having the line clearly drawn in the deed and keeping to it. A trust fund, consisting of stock or money invested on mortgage of property of ample value, need not give much trouble; but suppose that a lady is entitled to a share in the residuary estate of her father, and perhaps also of her mother's father. Questions may arise beyond the comprehension of a trustee, and if he is to take the answers to them on trust from a co-trustee or the family solicitor his position is not comfortable. In moments of low spirits he is sure to fancy that he may be under a liability which will bring his own family to ruin. But suppose the lady who is entitled to these shares in two estates is engaged to be married, how is she to find trustees? Is she to wait until the estates of her father and her grandfather have been ascertained and divided by the Court of Chancery or its substitute under the new system? It is sometimes thought hard that ardent lovers should be kept waiting while a marriage settlement is being prepared, but this lady and her intended husband would have to wait until a suit in Chancery reached its end, and even if it be called an action in the High Court of Justice, that will not make it move much faster. Sometimes one of the trustees may be a solicitor, and it is common to insert a clause in the settlement or will creating the trust authorizing him to make professional charges for business done by him as trustee. Under this arrangement the solicitor-trustee usually guides his colleagues pretty much as the secretary to the proposed Board would be likely to guide the directors, and if in either case there be honesty, all is well. It would not, however, be very difficult for a solicitor, in combination with a surveyor, to induce his co-trustees to advance money on property of illusory value, and this is what we should expect to happen

in the proceedings of the Board of men of trustworthiness and integrity, having, if possible, handles to their names. Ladies and clergymen might, although they will not, avoid taking share in Companies, but they cannot well do without trustees, and this proposal amounts to putting a Company in place of ordinary trustees. It must not be forgotten that trustees frequently act as guardians of children, and in what are called "heavy cases" they usually obtain directions from the Court of Chancery. An interesting branch of the "new profession" would be the superintendence of the education of children, and the management of boys and girls almost, but not quite, grown up. The Court of Chancery could, if necessary, commit the audacious suitor of one of its wards to prison, but the proposed Board would have to rely on what some schoolmasters call "moral suasion," and with highly respectable and perhaps elderly directors on one side, and a young handsome and urgent lover on the other, we can guess what a girl of eighteen would do. "The best known and most trusted men" of any town may for the present occupy themselves with levying and expending rates for drainage and other purposes connected with public health, or they may act as guardians of the poor or magistrates. The last thing to be expected from the "new profession" is an income, but as law reforms are just now in fashion, the position of trustees under our legal system may come in for its share of notice. A recent aggravation of the burden of trustee-ship has been caused by colonial securities, in which many marriage settlements now allow trust funds to be invested. The colonies, for reasons unintelligible to us, make their bonds payable to bearer, so that a dishonest trustee might convert them into cash, and it cannot be expected that in such a matter one trustee should trust another. But if two or three trustees agree to deposit colonial bonds at a bank, there is still the risk of loss under circumstances which would impose no responsibility on the banker. Then, again, the trust property may consist of leasehold houses, in respect of which remote and incalculable liabilities may exist. An ordinary trustee can scarcely understand the provisions of the will or settlement which he has to fulfil, and it is hard that he should have to take legal advice upon it at his own expense. At the same time, if he charges a lawyer's bill against the trust estate, the parties interested in it are certain to abuse him. Indeed, whatever he does he is pretty certain to earn the undying hatred of the beneficiaries. What used to be called "throwing the estate into Chancery" was often the best thing to do with it if it were of large amount; and it might be possible to devise a simpler and cheaper system of the same kind for small estates. If this cannot be done, trustees must continue to bear their troubles as they have been used to do.

PEACHUM AND LOCKIT.

WE regret to observe that there has recently been an unfortunate misunderstanding between two great organs of public opinion, our own *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald*. There has always been something very touching in the mutual sympathy and affection of this worthy pair. The *Daily Telegraph* has taken every opportunity of honouring the *Herald* with that imitation which is said to be the sincerest flattery, and the *Herald*, on the other hand, has watched the efforts of its young pupil with an air of paternal benevolence. There is perhaps something in the atmosphere of English society which has prevented the *Telegraph* from altogether soaring to those heights of rowdy sensationalism on which the *New York Herald* habitually disports, but various incidents in its career attest a spirit of eager emulation. A sort of *rapprochement* between these two papers has thus been gradually establishing itself for some years past; and when it became known that the proprietor of the *New York Herald* was making arrangements for sending Mr. Stanley back to Africa, the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph* proposed that it should be a joint expedition, of which they should share on equal terms the expenses and results. The American journalist has since explained, in a penitential mood, the reason why he was weak enough to enter into this compact. It has always, we are assured, been the policy of the *New York Herald* to do its own work in its own way and on its own responsibility, and after its painful experience on this occasion, that will henceforth be a principle from which it will never depart. There were, however, "various considerations involved in this expedition" to which the *Herald* was not insensible. Dr. Livingstone was a Britisher, the people of England had behaved civilly to Mr. Stanley, and the *Daily Telegraph* was an old friend. Just at that time the *New York Herald* felt in a kindly mood to the old country, and it is acknowledged that it was perhaps "unconsciously influenced by the era of good feeling which poets and clergymen had been anticipating in this centennial time." The truth is, that for the moment the genial sentimentality of the *Herald* got the better of it. "Some idea of the effect upon the popular imagination of the American and the English flags going together at the head of a journalistic expedition of discovery into the heart of the mysterious, unknown, and ever-interesting continent may have naturally arisen in our mind." All these influences disposed the *New York Herald* to do England a good turn; and accordingly it agreed with the *Daily Telegraph* that they should together pay the cost of Mr. Stanley's expedition, and publish simultaneously in their respective countries any letters which he sent home. This bargain being solemnly signed and sealed, Mr. Stanley went his way, and in due time despatches

arrived from him. As it happens, London lies in the line of communication between Africa and New York, and it had been arranged, as the most convenient course, that Mr. Stanley's manuscript should go in the first instance to the London agent of the *Herald*, who should send it to the *Daily Telegraph* office, that it should then be put in type, and proofs sent to New York, and that the publication of the article should be delayed on this side until it could at the same time appear on the other.

This seems a very fair and honest arrangement, and one which might very easily have been carried out. Judge, however, of the surprise and dismay of the *New York Herald* when it discovered that the first news of the joint expedition had been published to the world in the *Daily Telegraph* while the proofs of Mr. Stanley's letters were still on their way across the ocean. It is true that the *Daily Telegraph* kept the word of promise to the ear, for it religiously refrained from printing Mr. Stanley's letters *in extenso* until they had reached New York, but it broke the promise in the sense, inasmuch as it sucked the orange before it passed it on. In other words, it seized the opportunity of being beforehand with its partner by publishing a flaming announcement that important despatches had been received from their correspondent, and cunningly inserting in this announcement the gist of the forthcoming letters. The *New York Herald* was of course greatly shocked. "We cannot," it said, "characterize the singular course of our ally in this matter as anything short of a breach of faith. In printing the substance of Mr. Stanley's letters in its issue of the 29th ult., the *London Telegraph* forgot both the courtesy it had experienced at our hands and the sacredness due to a compact solemnly and earnestly agreed upon." It was not so much the loss of the news, as the blow which was struck at its faith in human nature, that affected the *Herald*; and that sensitive and high-minded journal now vows that never will it trust anybody in this way again. There is a familiar proverb about honour among a certain class of people where it is not much expected, but if a paper like the *Daily Telegraph* is capable of taking a base advantage of a paper with which it has so many ties of sentiment and association as the *New York Herald*, there can no longer be any kind of confidence between man and man. Henceforth, exclaims the heart-broken *Herald*, "peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations; entangling alliances with none." Of course, the *Daily Telegraph* could not allow these aspersions to pass without answer, but it has preferred to do so privately, and has not thought it necessary to trouble its own readers with any reference to the painful suspicions to which it is exposed. However, the *Herald* has printed the correspondence, which it no doubt finds quite as good copy in its way as Mr. Stanley's letters. The explanation is, it seems, that the editorial article in which Mr. Stanley's despatches were boiled down "was written and published in the absence of the proprietor, and through a misunderstanding on the part of the writer." Upon this the *Herald* justly remarks that it might have been expected that "the possibility of such an occurrence would have been carefully and effectually guarded against," and it is not surprised that the proprietor of the *Telegraph*, while expressing regret at the unfortunate oversight, should "fully justify the comments made by the *Herald* on the appearance of the objectionable editorial." And then it handsomely pardons the offender. "We accept his explanation as satisfactory, and acquit him of any intentional bad faith in the matter." And so the quarrel ends. "Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong." "Tis our mutual interest," says Peachum, "'tis for the interest of the world, we should agree. If I said anything, brother, to the prejudice of your character, I ask pardon." To complete the story it should be mentioned that, while the *New York Herald* was raging about the fraud which it said was practised on it by its partner, it had taken the characteristic precaution of obtaining for its own use an abstract of the letters which had been made by the agent before they were handed over to the *Telegraph*. It is in *Jonathan Wild*, if we remember rightly, that one character cheats at cards while the victim picks the cheat's pocket of his winnings.

It is instructive to observe, not only the way in which these congenial newspapers deal with each other, but the character of the expedition for which they are responsible. It is no doubt an ingenious development of newspaper enterprise that Special Correspondents should be employed, not merely to report contemporary history, but to manufacture it; but it is a plan which may be attended with some dangers. In the present instance it may be doubted whether geographical science by itself would sufficiently stimulate "the popular imagination" which such papers keep steadily in view: and it is necessary therefore, in order to cultivate a circulation which will repay expenses, that the records of travel should be spiced with something more exciting. The chief feature of Mr. Stanley's narrative down to the present time is the (as it would seem) large and unnecessary loss of life which has been involved in his journey. He has apparently been, to say the least, injudicious in the management of his men, and also in his relations with the natives, and the consequence has been that his track has been marked by almost continuous bloodshed. No exploration of the same duration has ever cost so much life. Mr. Stanley has no doubt already proved his courage and intrepidity, but whether he possesses the prudence and discretion needed for the direction of such an expedition as that placed under his absolute command may reasonably be doubted. It was not in this dashing, off-hand way that Livingstone or other great travellers accomplished their tedious and patient labours. But then they were not pressed by the necessity of sending home exciting letters, and could afford to

humour and manage the natives, and to allow a margin for unavoidable delays. Whatever may be the value of Mr. Stanley's discoveries, there can be little doubt that he has left along his line of march a state of feeling among the native population which will probably for a long time bar the way of other white men, if it does not involve their slaughter.

WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

ART critics seem to be expected to write at stated times, although there may be little or nothing to write about. At this season of the year there appears in public Galleries a bounteous supply of pictures, something as in country places there grow in hedgerows crops of mulberries and crabs. Art emulates nature in working out her ends with lavish hand; and persons skilled in the signs of the times believe themselves able to tell of the prospects of a coming winter by the provision which nature lays up in store. If, by parity of reason, we may venture from the display made in the three Winter Galleries now open to predict the immediate future of English and Continental art, we should say that it is hard to conceive of a more barren harvest. Not that absolute starvation threatens the insatiable art appetites of the British public; it is only the stale quality of the viands that palls upon the taste. Assuredly the proverbial gloom of November days will not be brightened by scenes dull as sunless skies, and trite as thrice-told tales. Nature is said not to repeat herself, but art, on the contrary—at least the art of pot-boiling—is more and more guilty of replicas. At least two Academicians save themselves the trouble of creative thought. Mr. Ward, R.A., favours Pall Mall with a repetition, not the first or the best we have seen, of the "Execution of Montrose"; while Mr. Goodall, R.A., is present in Pall Mall and the Haymarket at the same time by virtue of replicas, one in oil, the other in water, of a panorama comprising the Desert, Arabs, tents, and flocks. We are happy to add that the composition has a beauty, especially in atmospheric tone and local colour, which goes far to excuse the reiteration of the theme. A like plea cannot be set up by Mr. Cooper, R.A.; the world has had more than enough of the woollucks which he is pleased to call sheep—hard as if carved in solid rock, lifeless as studied specimens in provincial museums or in village caravans. It has often been a subject for regret that sundry practices of the Old Masters have died out, but there seems to be reason for hope that the time-honoured habit of keeping a "bottega," or workshop, where any subject may be turned out to order, will be revived in London in our own time.

The Dudley Gallery, which opens its ninth winter exhibition of pictures in oils, claims more than indulgence, because, being under the management of artists and connoisseurs, it stands as a protest against the prevailing servility to the dealers. The battle it has fought is hard, partly because dealers, with the advantage of full purses, go the round of studios and pick out for their own profit the most telling works. The present collection in Piccadilly, though far from the best, presents points of interest. As minor efforts only, to be followed, let us hope, by larger works in the Academy, we pass over with a mere mention "Found Drowned" (211) and "The Days that are no more" (80), by Mr. Watts, R.A.; "Anthylla" (165), by Mr. Leslie, A.R.A.; "An Armourer's Shop" (68), by Mr. Hodgson, A.R.A. A pretty fancy, from Bulwer Lytton's *Kenelm Chillingley*, has been thrown by Mr. Edward Fahey into a picture (141) of the maiden Lily standing in a bower of butterflies flitting about her like gaily-plumed birds of paradise. The light cast upon the scene is silvery, as if veiled by gauze. The technique, though fairly good, strikes us as a little opaque and chalky. M. L'Hermite, famous as an etcher and worker in charcoal, has painted in characteristic fashion a "Cloth Market in Brittany" (61). The peasant figures are scattered incontinently, but not quite incoherently, about a picturesque street, and out of prevailing shadow comes the dawn of light and the awakening of colour. M. Fantin, one among the many French painters who of late have contributed largely to our London Exhibitions, has the distinguishing merit of delineating roses (79) and asters (338) just as they grow in nature. He does not dress flowers for the drawing-room table, but leaves upon the petals the accidents and blemishes inflicted by wind, rain, and cold. His touch is remarkably crisp, and yet no leaf is robbed of its softness or suppleness.

Also in the Dudley Gallery we encounter Mr. Heywood Hardy, one of our rising artists. He has yet much to learn, but a group of children on donkeys trudging along the sea-shore (267) will not, like some of his less considered work, impede his progress. Mr. Briton Riviere, another painter crowned, if not spoilt, by success, again offends against good taste. What can be more vulgar than the pig, the boy, and the post in "A Double Entendre" (81). Mr. Walter Crane is in danger of falling into irredeemable eccentricity, yet he seizes emphatically on character in the portrait of an elderly lady comfortably thrown into a chair (298). We presume this may be the picture of a relative, as the artist sees fit to decorate the wall with a likeness of his wife and baby. Among landscapes for commendation are contributions from Mr. Alma-Tadema (420), Mr. Cotman (239), and Mr. Henry Moore (241). But, as might be expected, it is reserved to Mr. Whistler to excite most astonishment. Again, under the affected term "Nocturne," he "makes night hideous." The so-called Nocturne (170), wherein "the falling rocket" is the leading character, would seem to be taken from Cremorne. Yet truly "there is nothing in it," as

Mr. Charles Mathews said in *Used Up*, when he looked down the crater of Vesuvius. Albert Smith had a joke about a sketch of Strasburg Cathedral taken at midnight; it was even more of a Nocturne than the black pieces of paper here exhibited; in fact, it was black paper and nothing more. Yet the showman insisted, amid the laughter of his audience, that the whole subject was present, though nobody could see it. In the same sense and in no other are the subjects present in these dashes of outer darkness not made visible. Mr. Whistler wishes the public to believe that these "Nocturnes" (160-170) are equivalent in colour to what music is in sound. And so they are, in the same way that the wailing drawl of boatmen on the Nile is music, but not otherwise. We are interested to learn that the admirers of the painter may acquire these "Nocturnes" for the modest sum of a few hundred pounds a piece.

Mr. McLean's well-selected exhibition deals in a choice class of goods—some gleanings from other Galleries, others replicas, and some originals, though seldom breaking into an original idea. It were an endless and a useless task to criticize compositions which under varying aspects have already made themselves a public. But we must just mention a masterly drawing, pure in transparent colour, of cattle in Fontainebleau Forest (71), by Mlle. Rosa Bonheur. Also may be noted a design for the illustration of a story by Miss Thackeray (94), from the pencil of Mr. Pinwell, a painter whose early death, in common with that of Mr. Frederick Walker, the world of art has recently deplored deeply. We trust that the Old Society of painters in water-colours will collect, either during the winter or in the spring, works which may do honour to Mr. Pinwell.

The French Gallery, Pall Mall, shows the usual admixture of British and Foreign schools neither very novel nor remarkable. Yet Mr. Pettie, R.A., in "The Joy of the House" (19), may be congratulated on his escape from chaotic form and incoherent chiaroscuro; his touch gains firmness and precision; his colour has been always rich and deep in harmony, though it were well, if only for the sake of variety, if he could for once set his pallet rather less violently with yellow, red, and black, and at the same time introduce into his colour-box a few pigments grey and silvery, or at least pure in tone. Mr. Pettie might with possible advantage make an occasional change of painting materials with the refined, but sentimental, M. Bertrand, a popular French artist, who, while pledging his fancy to moonlight pallor, has never been guilty of a sunset glow. The painter, remembered among other pensive and graceful figures by his "Ophelia," now passes to a theme no less congenial and true—"Lesbia" (106) bemoaning the death of her sparrow; the cage is empty, the little bird lies on a tripod-like table. The character is well conceived for sensitiveness and tenderness; the figure stands in statuesque symmetry and immobility; the silvery drapery, cast into subtle folds with modulating play of light and shade, is thrown out in the relief of contrast by a background strong in warm Pompeian decoration. Catullus himself might be well content with the picture his verses have inspired. This generic treatment has been of late much affected in Paris; in England the nearest approach is found in Mr. Leslie, A.R.A. "Thisbe" (153), by Mr. Long, has been naturally compared and contrasted with M. Bertrand's "Lesbia." The French artist, as usual, is more statuesque, while our countryman Mr. Long claims the advantage of being more pictorial, and consequently gains in warmth of colour and in easy mobility of attitude. Beautiful is the play of flowing lines as the figure poises itself precariously against a massive Babylonian structure, listening according to the well-known story for the voice of Pyramus through the chink of the wall. Thisbe, had she been put up for sale in Mr. Long's famous "Babylonian Marriage Market" of last Academy, would have been knocked down as the belle at the highest price, and the artist himself ought to come out well from the next Academic competition. Mr. Frank Holl, in "The Doubtful Hope" (163), might almost have painted with a blacking brush; pathos alone cannot redeem a picture; touch and other technique qualities are needed. To the same black and dolorous school belongs Herr Czachorski's "Taking the Veil" (143). Among the nationalities of the arts this picture is one of the products of peoples who in the Eastern provinces of Europe have been and are asserting independence in arts as in politics. The Polish race is now taking on pictorial phases, and to the name of Herr Czachorski we may add that of Herr Chelminski, a well-trained artist, who contributes "Off the Track" (62), and "Huntsmen going to Cover" (68). The style is evidently borrowed from the German; in the use of a subdued light on a low tone, and in a certain enamelled quality of surface, there are points in common with the Munich school. We should like to see imported into this cosmopolitan gallery other art nationalities, such as the finished cabinet pictures of Scandinavia and of Russia. Three foreign painters who appear on the scale of miniature remain to be briefly mentioned; Herr Breling shows a keen touch and an observant eye in "The Bringing in a Prisoner" (61). Herr Kaulbach here (170-1), wholly unworthy of the works he has exhibited in Germany, again proves himself less the descendant of his illustrious father than the disciple of his master Piloty. Herr Bakkerkoff enlivens the well-balanced dullness of these walls by a sparkling little satire on strong-minded women. "An Advocate for Woman's Rights" (45) devours a public journal with an intellect of venom and vinegar; like some others of the class, she is of a nature so assailable as to be ready to wage war in order to enforce peace on her own terms. The representative person here depicted is usually shunned by men, and often ends by quarrelling

with her own sex. In pictorial art smart hits of this sort ought to be, as this painting is, brief and compact as an epigram. The landscapes in this Gallery are the old thing over again. Mr. Leader fritters away his subjects in a scattered detail almost decorative, yet he is able to imprison sunbeams within his canvases. Several landscape-painters of Munich and cognate schools are also again present, Herr Lier and others. The snowclad fields and woods, by Herr Munthe, such as "Winter" (26), are transcripts of nature in her least sympathetic moods; but the painter, by means of realism with an impressive play of light and shade, arrests attention to dark and dreary lands and to cloud-laden skies. This artist in Berlin, in 1868, exhibited a picture under a similar title; he then dated from Düsseldorf; whatever be his nationality, he evidently owes his style to Germany.

There is still on view in the French Gallery a startling pictorial phenomenon, entered in the Catalogue as "The Head of Our Saviour," by Herr Gabriel Max, an artist of the Munich school of Piloty, famous in London, and indeed throughout Europe, by certain melodramatic scenes, such as "The Christian Martyr" and sundry pictures of corpses in white winding-sheets. Herr Max has chosen as his present theme the well-known legend of the handkerchief of St. Veronica. For the textile fabric itself he takes the actual linen lines which show conspicuously in a half-primed canvas. Thus he obtains at starting a substratum of realism, for it is not required that he should paint the handkerchief, because he shows wet and woof up to view. Upon this groundwork reveals itself, not as a faint impression or as a transient shadow, the head of Christ crowned with thorns and bleeding at the brow. Neither the type nor style is that of the old Byzantine, which, in its abstraction and by a respectful remove from nature, remained in keeping with legends, however impossible. But here we are asked to gaze on a head which appears to start out from the canvas with a relief as tangible as that of a bust, and the style adopted, instead of carrying the spectator back to apostolic times, is as fresh and modern as that which appeals to the populace in a certain Waxwork Gallery. All this can scarcely claim to be religious art; some, in fact, might venture to call it an easily-acquired charlatanry, especially as one more trick is added as a last sensation. The eyes, by a cunningly devised arrangement of light and shade, appear to open and shut. The illusion is not a matter of accident, but of deliberate calculation. The form and chiaroscuro are left intentionally vague and vacillating, so as to suggest at one moment the eyes being open, at another their being shut. The deception is aided, if indeed not wholly produced, by the shadow under the brow concentrating itself into a dark focus, which serves equally well for the accustomed shadow or for the pupil of the eye. This gives the semblance of the eyes being open. The contrary effect is gained by an incised shadow on the under lid, with a faint suspicion below of pendent and tearful lashes. The mystery of the eyes opening and shutting we find greatly to depend upon focussing at will the vision alternately upon the upper and the lower shadows. Also a further illustration is found in certain optical toys which successively flash upon the spectator convex and concave surfaces. Religious art is often said to be extinct, and this picture goes far to prove the assertion. Still it may be but fair to grant that Herr Max, living in a scientific age, has made some advance on the contrivances by which the good men of old used to work "winking Madonnas." He has, too, the advantage of a gas apparatus and a showman, and so his art shines out with a brilliancy impossible under the dim religious light of the dark ages.

REVIEWS.

INDIA AND ITS NATIVE PRINCES.*

BOOKS about India may be broadly divided into two great classes. There are the "letters" or "notes" or "jottings" of Indian travel, penned by travellers who went out on no particular mission, or with some avowed commercial, social, or political object. And there are the weighty volumes into which grave officials or pundits have condensed the results of a quarter of a century's experience. The first class is occasionally animated, generally superficial, and often erroneous. The second, with few exceptions, if alarmingly accurate, is on the whole unattractive and dull. The splendid volume before us belongs to another category. It is the work of a foreigner who devoted, not six months, but what his editor calls six years, though we can only make out four, to the study of Indian architecture and of native Courts, and who contrived in that period to see and to record a good deal of which erudite civilians and accomplished diplomats of the military service must necessarily remain ignorant. Before entering on a review of a volume which has a good deal to commend it to the notice of Englishmen, especially at this present time, we must say a few words as to the manner in which the editor's duty has been discharged. What Colonel Buckle's career or services may have been we know not, and what his notion may be of editorial responsibility not only passes our knowledge, but outrages our belief. Of the primary qualifications

* *India and its Native Princes: Travels in Central India and in the Presidencies of Bombay and Bengal.* By Louis Rousset. Carefully revised and edited by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Buckle. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

of diligence and research he appears to be wholly destitute. There is not the faintest indication, from the beginning to the end of these 579 huge pages, that he has the commonest acquaintance with the most ordinary facts of Indian history, Anglo-Indian society, or native ways. Page after page of the book is marred by trivial, but irritating, errors of the press. There are mistakes into which even a Calcutta barrister of scarcely five years' standing would not have fallen, or which a subaltern, unpassed in any one native dialect, would have been sure to detect. Ludicrous misconceptions are allowed to pass unnoticed, and assertions made with the sublime audacity of a lively Frenchman are permitted to escape without challenge or check. The editor has certainly written one page by way of preface, which shows that he has read his author and has summarized his chapters. And he has given at most two or three foot-notes which indicate that he has looked at a Calcutta newspaper, and that he is aware that travellers in India must ordinarily pay their way as they do in other countries; while he also states, correctly enough, that our possession of the district of Ajmere in Rajpootana dates from a treaty made with the Mahratta Sovereign, Doulat Rao Scindia, in 1818.

We shall select a few of the many blunders of different kinds which are to be found in an English version of the French work which Colonel Buckle coolly offers to the public as "carefully revised and edited." The Vaisyas are spoken of as still constituting one of the four original Hindu castes. Surat or Surashtra should be translated "the good kingdom," and not "the good city." Devitiya is put for Dwitiya, or *second*, Lita for Sita, Chota Hazzee, or the tea and toast which Anglo-Indians invariably have in the early morning, for Chota Hazree. The Hindu month Phalgun, February, is termed Thalgun in one place, and Gounom in another. Nishada is said to be an "outlaw," whereas it means a hunter, or one of the wild aboriginal tribes whom the Aryan invasion banished from the plains to the woods and mountains. An excellent sketch is given of Jai Sing II., Maharaja of Jeypore, a great astronomer who flourished in the early part of the last century, and who is familiarly known as Siwai Jai Sing. Colonel Buckle apparently is ignorant that this sobriquet was given because the scientific monarch was equal to Sivai, or *one and a quarter* of ordinary mortals, or, as we should say, was a man and a half. Nautch Mahal is translated "Crystal Palace," whereas it is quite clear that the author was thinking of what is termed, in native palaces, a Shish Mahal. Nautch Mahal could mean nothing else than dancing-room. Lord Wellesley is confounded with Wellington—a mistake astounding even in a Frenchman, but not the subject of comment by the editor. Mahomet in one place has Hussain assigned to him for a son-in-law, and Ali in another, the latter statement being of course correct. *Kunkur*, a material largely used in road-making in the Upper Provinces, is said to be obtained from the banks of the Juuna, whereas it is found in veins in almost every district in the Doab, miles away from the river. We might go on for a page with instances of similar blunders, but shall wind up by saying that Colonel Buckle accepts, apparently without question, criticism, or hesitation, the author's assertions that the Emperor Humayun, the father of Akbar, "perished miserably by falling from the top of a ladder, upon which he had mounted to reach a book from the shelves of his library"; that Kaiser is German; that Mussulmans can go to Mecca by proxy; that indigo must be cut, not by day, but by night; and that the Adjutant birds (*Ardea gigantea*) which perch on the top of Government House, Calcutta, have collars put round their necks to prove their identity, and that they faithfully return to their posts every summer after laying their eggs in the interior. The only conclusion that we can draw from this series of uncorrected blunders and absurdities is that it was thought important to get this work published hurriedly, with all its magnificent illustrations, at a time when the visit of the Heir Apparent would be likely to throw a halo over Indian scenery, and to invest the dull prose of Indian daily life with novelty and attractiveness. Any one, it was presumed, might do for a godfather.

The truth is that the work, with all its amusing mistakes, deserved the very best introduction to the English drawing-room that it could get. It is the production of a clever foreigner, and we should always be glad to know the opinions and criticisms of an observer at once independent and intelligent. Moreover M. Rousselet took considerable pains to qualify himself for his task. He landed at Bombay in July 1864, and he left Calcutta in September 1868. There is an obvious inconsistency in his chronology, for at the close he talks of his voyage as undertaken in 1863, while in the first pages he describes himself as having left Marseilles in June 1864. Once at Bombay he seems to have set to work at the native languages, and he acquired sufficient command of Urdu to dispense with an interpreter. Then he travelled just as district officials do on their annual tours, in tents, with native servants, on howdahs and camels, and occasionally in palanquins. Instead of keeping to the Trunk road, the great lines of railway, and the civilized hotels kept by Parsees, Eurasians, and speculative Englishmen, he put up wherever he could. Sometimes his tent was pitched far away from supplies, on the edge of the jungle. Sometimes he slept in the tomb of a Raja or of a Mahommedan saint who had departed in the odour of sanctity. It never occurred to him to exchange the heat of the plains between April and October for the delights of Simla, Murree, or Nainee Tal. Hot winds and deluging rains were mere trifles, provided he could complete a sketch, surmount a difficulty, or defy a friendly pre-

diction of evil. When he had graduated, if we may use the expression, in Anglo-Indian ways and vernacular dialects by a sojourn of some months at and near Bombay, he went off to Baroda, and thence plunged with commendable hardihood into the Bheel country, and into the oldest cities of Rajpootana. He devoted a great deal of time and labour to the Bundelcund chiefs, to the Central Provinces, just emerging from backwardness and barbarism under the creative energy of Sir Richard Temple, to the principality of Bhopal, then under the rule of its late Begum, and to Gwalior. The well-known splendours of Agra and Delhi, the cities of Lucknow and Cawnpore, now brought within easy reach of the most obese Bengali Baboo who never has been fifty miles from the Mahratta ditch, M. Rousselet wisely dismisses in short chapters, reserving for the fullest treatment the manners of native potentates as yet uninfluenced by European contact, and the monuments of a native architecture which would move even Florentine artists to despair. The adventures which befell him during his inquiries could happen only to a foreigner, and are certainly such as none but a quick-witted Frenchman could so well describe. Sometimes the Princes and Ministers greeted him with open arms, placed palaces at his disposal, servants to wait on him, horses and elephants to take him to the sights of the place. On other occasions the ceremony of introduction had not been happily managed, and he was left to miserable lodgings and scanty supplies. Once he and his companions were taken for Russian spies. On another occasion he got by mistake a salute of eleven guns, and then again he was treated like one of the pillars of the State; the Court tailor was sent to dress him, and he was enrolled among the Sirdars of Bhopal. Besides his other accomplishments, he was an untiring sportsman. He was admitted to royal battues, "assisted" at the deaths of tigers, buffaloes, antelopes, and wild boars; and when alone on a march never missed an opportunity of replenishing his larder with grey partridge and snipe, hares and jungle fowl, ducks and what he describes as water-hens "with a purple plumage," which bird we take to be the blue coot, known in some parts of India as the *Kaim* or *Kām*. While M. Rousselet photographed men and palaces, his companion made water-colour sketches. His grand maxim was never to be in a hurry. With pen or plates and collodion in hand, he went where only well-seasoned Anglo-Indians would venture, and took carriages over miry roads where a breakdown was a moral certainty. He felt the effects of a partial cyclone, and experienced all the fury of a "nor-wester" in his camp, during which he describes himself, without exaggeration, as hurled to the ground, stifled and bruised, and enveloped with a whirlwind of warm rain and stones. One of his "waggoners," that is to say, a driver of his bullock-cart or *hackery*, was clawed by a tiger close to his camp at night, but recovered, as natives constantly do where an Englishman would die. Once or twice he imperilled his life by crossing a river in flood on the back of an elephant; incidents which he describes with such Gallic force and liveliness that we shall not attempt to spoil them by extract or abridgment. His companion was laid prostrate by an attack of jungle fever; a dog was carried off by a leopard in broad daylight, close to the laboratory where the artist was at work. He had a slight skirmish with some Bheels in a wild part of the country; he was mobbed by a crowd of Hindoos in the neighbourhood of Ahmedabad in his earlier explorations, when he had not yet learned that it is more excusable to shoot a coolie than a peacock; and, while examining the celebrated ruins of Sanchi, he had the misfortune to lose by theft some of his stereotype plates, a collection of diamonds, and some bills of exchange. It was small consolation that this event enabled him to see how native officials, under their own peculiar system, apply a judicious system of torture to the discovery of crime, or that the Government of Bhopal indemnified him for his losses.

All these experiences are related at length in that amusing, egotistical, and yet inoffensive tone which is familiar to us in writers of M. Rousselet's nation. Nor are his comments on climate and national peculiarities devoid of merit and point. The annual migrations to Simla of the Viceroy and the Government establishments appear to him "one of the strangest things imaginable." Rajas in the Himalayas excited little admiration in one who had been a witness to the barbaric splendour of Baroda and other Courts. Such potentates are to be found "in swarms," as "every peak, with its four villages suspended to its sides, constitutes a miniature kingdom." In spite of his amazement at what is called the exodus to Simla, M. Rousselet does not think Calcutta well calculated for a metropolis. No doubt the country around is carpeted with verdure, and the villages are huts of palm leaves "invaded by exuberant vegetation"; but two-thirds of Bengal are "neither land nor water, but a muddy compound, which only the tropical sun can succeed in extracting from the liquid element." Readers who remember something of the Mutiny, or who have had practical experience of the native character, may smile at the remark that its "basis is a soft poetic melancholy," in harmony with the nature of the land. We must, however, do the author the justice to state that the savage exhibitions of wrestlers at Baroda, who tore each other, like ancient gladiators, for the delectation of the Gaikwar, excited in him so much disgust that he withdrew from the spectacle. The whole description of the festivities at Baroda, of the fights of elephants and rhinoceroses, of the absurd financial expedients, and the cruel modes of punishment in vogue, forms an instructive commentary on the Baroda blue-books, and is well worthy the attention of any M.P. who may be inclined to be lachrymose over the wrongs and sufferings of its ruler. At Bhopal

the author fell in with the lineal descendants of a French emigrant who, after strange adventures, had attained to high honour at the Court of Akbar. The founder of the family had represented himself to be of the Royal House of Bourbon, but whether this was the case or not, the picture of the lady who now calls herself Mme. de Bourbon strikes us as eminently French in character, and the whole episode may be read with amusement. We have given enough to show that the letterpress, however lacking a competent editor, is full of matter and meaning. We need not believe, with M. Rousselet, that "kiosks" are to be found in many buildings in India, even in Hindu temples; that Rajasthan extends south as far as Bundelcund and includes Delhi; that the Botanical Gardens at Calcutta are "above" and not below that city; and that the Churruck Pooja, which, by the way, is better explained as the "worship of the wheel" than as to "adore in turning," occurs in July or August. The fixed date is the 11th or 12th of April. But we could pardon many more egregious blunders in an author who is never ill-natured or acrimonious, never wilfully false or misleading, never tiresome, tedious, or dull. If some of the incidents could only befall Mr. Briggs or M. Crepin, some of the narrative is scarcely inferior to that of the clever French Doctor who visited India two centuries ago, and who numbered amongst his correspondents the President Mothe le Vayer and the Minister Colbert.

We do not forget that, with many readers, this book will prove attractive more on account of its numerous illustrations than of its descriptive chapters. On the splendour, copiousness, and fidelity of the former, it is scarcely possible to dwell too much. The exquisite detail of Hindu and Mohammedan pillars, tombs, sacred buildings, and palaces, their vastness and harmony of proportion, the picturesque isolation of their ruins, the effects of light and shade in that climate which the author describes justly "as the finest spring that reigns in any quarter of the globe," the luxuriant vegetation of the jungle and the village, the castes and tribes which supply ministers, priests, dancing-girls, snake-charmers, faquirs, saints, are all faithfully and magnificently delineated. Not one either of the illustrations or of the "full page engravings" but is calculated to afford real gratification to untravelled Englishmen, as well as to reanimate the waning recollections of Anglo-Indians who have long ceased to have a direct interest in the East. As regards the figures, which we think, may have been sketched from life or recollection, and not photographed in all instances, we would hazard a remark. A wild boar would hardly try to bite a panther, or to get on his enemy's back. The aim of the former is to rip his antagonist in the belly with his tusks, which are tremendous weapons of attack, and have enabled their possessor to hold his own with a tiger. Some of the elephants strike us as enormous in height, and certainly as out of proportion to the men standing near. It must be a remarkable elephant that exceeds 8 ft. in height, though we have seen one of eleven. And the sportsman who is aiming from the howdah at the tiger on the elephant's back, at page 557, will barely graze the skin of the animal, instead of sending his bullet, as he wishes to do, crushing into its skull.

It is unnecessary to assume, as one of our contemporaries has done, that the line of travel chosen by M. Rousselet ought to form a precedent for the Prince of Wales, who, for obvious reasons, must keep mainly to the great highways. But whether the book is destined to lie on drawing-room tables or to form a bulky companion for Indian travellers, it is one which merits both inspection and perusal. We shall conclude by referring to one passage in which the author contrasts the indifference shown to the deeds and remains of a great Indo-European nation and the attention lavished on the Roman Forum and the Greek peninsula. While admitting that our national insensibility to India is often unaccountable and amazing, we must remember that the Hindu has never in any degree made modern civilization his debtor, or contributed a reasonable quota to the ancient history of the world. He has not influenced religion, like the Hebrew; or art and oratory, like the Athenian; or law and civil government, like the Roman. Therefore he must remain in isolation, a debating ground for antiquaries and erudite scholars, hedged in by barriers of caste, and disfigured by base superstitions and degrading practices which any philosopher, sect, or sage born at any time anywhere on the shores of the Mediterranean would have ridiculed and despised.

VAN LAUN'S MOLIÈRE.*

M. VAN LAUN has published two volumes of a translation of Molière, an author more difficult to translate in some respects than even Shakspeare, inasmuch as he depends more upon the quality of wit, the hardest characteristic of all to render in a foreign tongue. Of the difficulties in his way the author of the present translation seems, from what he says in his preface, to have been aware:—

I have attempted to give a new translation of all Molière's plays. After mature consideration, the idea has been abandoned of reproducing, either in rhyme or blank verse, those which in the original are in poetry. The experiments which have been made to represent some of these in metre have not greatly charmed me; and as they were tried by men of talent, and as I do not pretend to possess greater gifts than my predecessors, I have come to the conclusion that an imitation of Molière's style in any metre is next to an impossibility, but that a faithful and literal translation in prose, even if

it cannot preserve the fire of the original, may still render the ideas, and represent to the English reader as clear a perception of Molière's characters as can be obtained in a foreign tongue.

I have however endeavoured not to be satisfied with a mere verbal version, but to preserve and convey the genuine spirit, as far as is consistent with the difference of the two languages.

Later on in the preface the author, discussing various portraits of Molière, says:—"A certain Lord Sunderland, whose name does not appear in the Peerage, is said in the *Iconographie* (Molièresque) to have bought an oil-portrait of Molière, which had been for a considerable time in the family of Mons. A. Lenoir." The title is extinct, but it would have cost no greater trouble than a reference to Collins's *Peerage* to discover that this "certain Lord Sunderland" was in all probability Robert, second Earl of Sunderland, who was Ambassador Extraordinary at Paris in 1672.

This, however, is a minor matter. On turning to the first specimen of M. Van Laun's translation, that of *L'Étourdi*, which he has rendered not very happily "The Blunderer," the reader finds in the first three lines this singular phrase:—"We shall see which of us two will gain the day; and which, in our mutual pursuit after this young miracle of beauty, will thwart the most his rival's addresses." What a mutual pursuit can be, unless that of a kitten after its tail might be called so, on the ground that the tail follows the kitten while the kitten follows the tail, it is not easy to determine. On referring to the original, it will be seen that there is no kind of excuse for this blunder, as the French words thus rendered are:—

Nous verrons de nous deux qui pourra l'emporter;
Qui, dans nos soins communs pour ce jeune miracle,
Aux vœux de son rival portera plus d'obstacle.

The translator has thus gone out of his way in the first sentence of his work to make a mistake; the natural idea of any one who wished and was competent to make a "faithful and literal translation in prose" of these lines would be to render "common" by "common." It may be that this use of "mutual" arose from anxiety on M. Van Laun's part to relieve the general baldness of his version by occasional flights of invention; such a theory at least is favoured by the very original word employed in the second scene of *L'Étourdi*, where "Que monsieur votre père est un autre vilain qui ne vous laisse pas" becomes "That your father is just as covetous an old hunk." Perhaps the translator imagined that "hunks," which Richardson defines as "a miserly sordid fellow," was the plural of hunk. A very little pains would have cleared him of this error. In the fourth scene of the same play the answer to the question, "Sous quel astre ton maître a-t-il reçu le jour?" "Sous un astre à jamais ne changer son amour," is given as, "Under that planet which never alters his love," which, besides being neither literal nor spirited, is so confused as to be almost nonsensical. Later in the same scene, for "Ce galant homme a le cerveau blessé," the translator writes, "This gentleman is a little bit wrong in the upper story"—a most uncalled for piece of expansive paraphrase. In the eleventh scene occurs the phrase "Quand nous serons à dix, nous ferons une croix." The English equivalent for this given by M. Van Laun is, "When we come to ten we will score," which, in the first place, does not exactly correspond to the translator's profession of being "faithful and literal." In the second place, as M. Van Laun has given an appearance of care to his book by appending a good many trivial notes to the text, he might have condescended to make one upon this expression. "Ce proverbe," writes M. Bret of it, in a note to his edition of Molière published in 1728, "vient peut-être de ce que pour marquer dix en chiffre romain, on fait ce qu'on appelle une croix de S. André ou croix de Bourgogne. M. Court de Gebelin dans son excellente Histoire de la Parole, dit que la croix, autre espèce de T. primitif fut la peinture de la perfection de dix, nombre parfait."

So far we have dealt with mistakes of various degree in detached passages of M. Van Laun's production. Let us now see what is the effect of a level passage which follows the original with comparatively tolerable closeness:—

Leand. Were I fool enough to be enamoured of her, I should laugh at all your finesse.

Lel. What finesse, pray?

Leand. Good Heavens! sir, we know all.

Lel. All what?

Leand. All your actions, from beginning to end.

Lel. This is all Greek to me; I do not understand one word of it.

Leand. Pretend, if you please, not to understand me; but believe me, do not apprehend that I shall take a property which I should be sorry to dispute with you. I adore a beauty who has not been sullied, and do not wish to love a depraved woman.

Lel. Gently, gently, Leander.

Leand. Oh! how credulous you are! I tell you once more, you may attend on her now without suspecting anybody. You may call yourself a lady-killer. It is true, her beauty is very uncommon, but, to make amends for that, the rest is common enough.

Lel. Leander, no more of this provoking language. Strive against me as much as you like in order to obtain her; but, above all things, do not traduce her so vilely. I should consider myself a great coward if I could tamely submit to hear my earthly deity slandered. I can much better bear your rivalry than listen to any speech that touches her character.

The most obvious characteristic of this passage is its extreme barrenness, which reminds one of nothing so much as of the "cribs" to classical authors commonly in use among schoolboys. On further investigation it will be seen that the translator has taken no trouble to find an English equivalent for "finesses," but has instead injured the meaning of Molière's phrase by converting the original word from the plural to the singular; that he has unnecessarily substituted "This is all Greek to me" for "C'est de

* The *Dramatic Works of Molière*. Rendered into English by Henri Van Laun. With a Prefatory Memoir, Introductory Notices, Appendices, and Notes. 2 vols. Edinburgh: William Paterson. 1875.

l'hébreu pour moi"; and that he has shirked the translation of "retenez cette atteinte mortelle" by the paraphrase "do not traduce her so vilely."

From *L'Étourdi* we pass to *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, which M. Van Laun has been pleased to entitle "The Pretentious Young Ladies." To preserve in a foreign tongue anything of the spirit of this brilliant play closeness to the original is especially desirable, as a good deal of the satire depends upon the formal affectation of the expressions employed by what M. Van Laun calls "the Pretentious Young Ladies." How far this has been regarded in the present instance may be judged from one example. Cathos, in the sixth scene, says to Madelon, "Mon dieu, ma chère, que ton père a la forme enfoncée dans la matière!" in which phrase the opposition of *forme* and *matière* is a sign of the speaker's pedantic method of expression. This becomes "Good heavens, my dear, how deeply is your father still immersed in material things!" A little later on, in the dialogue between Mascarille and the two girls, he makes use of this expression:—"Vous allez faire pic, repic, et capot tout ce qu'il y a de galant dans Paris." Here M. Van Laun gives a singular mixture of a bold looseness and a servile fidelity in his version, which runs thus:—"You are going to make pic, repic, and capot all the gallants from Paris." The mere remembrance that the scene is laid in Paris might have prevented him from translating "*dans Paris*" "*from Paris*"; nothing but a moderate amount of perception and reflection could have shown him that "tout ce qu'il y a de galant" was not exactly equivalent to "all the gallants"; and only a slight acquaintance with the English language and the game of piquet could have told him that to speak of "making pic an adversary" is absurd. The blunder is startling enough in itself; it becomes almost inexplicable when viewed by the light of this note, which M. Van Laun appends to the passage:—"Dryden, in his *Sir Martin Mar-all* (Act I. scene 1) makes Sir Martin say, 'If I go to piquet . . . he will pique and repique, and capot me twenty times together.'" It is hard to reconcile the knowledge displayed in the note with the curious ignorance manifested in the translation. Did M. Van Laun omit all revision of his work? or were the text and note composed at different times, so that when penning the one he forgot what his own hand had written in the other? Not long after this speech of Mascarille's is found a mention of the *canons*, or rolls of linen or other stuff ornamented with lace, and tied below the knee, so as to cover half the leg, and of the *petite oie*, a name applied to all the small fripperies of dress. This the translator renders by the use of several words, among them "top-knot," which has never been applied to any part of a man's dress. *Canons* he renders by "rolls," which is perhaps as good a word as could be found, unless he had employed the word "cannions, a kind of boot-hose," quoted by him in a note from Ash's Dictionary. Speaking of the "canons," we may be allowed, perhaps, to leave M. Van Laun for a moment in order to refer to an amusing note on the word by M. Bret, who, observing that the term was new in Molière's time, goes on to tell of a German manager who translated this play, and in the representation "*faisait mettre dans les poches de Mascarille des pistolets qu'il put montrer en disant, que dites-vous de mes canons?*"

In the course of the twelfth scene Mascarille and Jodelet talk of their pretended memories of war. Mascarille says:—"Te souvient-il, Vicomte, de cette demi-lune que nous emportâmes sur les ennemis au siège d'Arras?" and Jodelet replies, "Que veux-tu dire avec ta demi-lune? C'était bien une lune toute entière." Demi-lune is rendered "half-moon," and no kind of explanation is given of this pleasantry, which, as all readers of *Tristram Shandy* will remember, depends upon demi-lune being an old term in fortification. M. Van Laun is careful, however, to give a note of what is much less important, the date of the siege of Arras.

Pointing to instance after instance of sins of commission and omission is weary work both for writer and reader. One more glaring example and we have done. " *Vieilles équivoques*," in the first scene of the *Critique de l'École des Femmes*, is translated by M. Van Laun "*stale double entendres*" (*sic*). In French there is no such phrase as "double entendre." It is a mongrel expression which custom has rendered current in England. But it is a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance; and no amount of custom can excuse the use of a word which is neither French nor English in what purports to be a faithful translation in English of a French work. There is nothing to which M. Van Laun's performance can be so aptly compared as a whitened sepulchre. The type is good, and the original designs from which the etchings are taken are excellent, although the impressions are much worn; the text which should be set off by these is absolutely worthless. The only decent piece of translation contained in it is that of the prologue to *Les Fâcheux*, of which M. Van Laun writes:—"The English translation, which is not mine, fairly represents the official nonsense of the original."

A TRIP UP THE VOLGA.*

MR. BUTLER-JOHNSTONE'S modest little volume is the very reverse of ordinary books of travel, for it condenses into 150 pages what might easily have been expanded into

many times the bulk. Under the title of *A Trip up the Volga*, with the fair of Nijni-Novgorod, which is described in detail, as his ultimate object, he takes a comprehensive glance at the vast Empire of the Russias, its trade, its resources, and its mingled subject races. Many of these races are to be found represented in those riverain provinces which stretch along the Volga from the Caspian to Nijni-Novgorod, and it is their peculiarity that they intermarry among their own people, and keep themselves very much isolated from their neighbours. They are left undisturbed in the exercise of their religions. Many of them of course are Mahomedans more or less orthodox, and not a few are heathens like their nomad forefathers, and still practise their Pagan rites. Thus, in a comfortable voyage in a double-decked steamer on the American model, the traveller has opportunities of studying types of the Turk, the Kalmuck, the Kirghiz, and the Cossack in their various primitive and hereditary individualities. In the delta formed by the mouths of the Volga, and at various points higher up on its course, there are, or ought to be, the remains of the capitals of semi-barbarous empires long since passed away. Mr. Butler-Johnstone has much to tell of the history of these regions which his well-informed countrymen ought to know, but do not know, and which, even were we possessed with the spirit of inquiry, we might find considerable difficulty in learning for ourselves. He adds a great deal which could only be gleaned on the spot by an observant man travelling leisurely with good introductions, and habitually satisfying his curiosity in intercourse with Russian fellow-travellers.

Russia, he insists repeatedly, is not a nation, but a continent. With her manifold internal resources of all sorts she is well nigh independent of the rest of the world, and the extent of some of these resources can only be measured by comparison with better known quantities nearer home. Thus "in the north there is a single tract of forest covering a superficies as large as the whole of Spain; then another large tract inhabited by a population engaged in every variety of industry, and dependent for fuel on these northern forests; then another large tract, twice the size of France, of deep black soil, which has for more than a century past yielded the richest crops of wheat, and has never seen manure." In her population of 60,000,000, which ought to increase to 100,000,000 by the end of the century, "35,000,000 of homogeneous Slavics form the backbone of the nation, a larger number of homogeneous people than is to be found anywhere else." In Mr. Johnstone's opinion, and we fancy most people will agree with him, the Crimean invasion, which was regarded then and for years afterwards as a national humiliation and calamity, occurred precisely at the proper time to give the sluggish Empire the impulse it needed. As he expresses it, the war that ruined Turkey regenerated Russia. It searched out her various weaknesses, moral and material, and stirred her up to reforms which she might otherwise have deferred indefinitely. We think Mr. Johnstone takes a somewhat too rosy view of the progress Russia has been making in the last twenty years. Our own experience leads us to doubt whether "corruption, if not absolutely rooted out, has at any rate been checked and compelled to hide its head," nor do we expect to see it disappear till her officials are paid adequately. The network of railways has primarily been arranged to a considerable extent with an eye to strategical rather than commercial and industrial considerations. But there can be no question that much has been done to open up the country and encourage its home trade, while the liberated peasantry are having their natural intelligence developed without being shaken in their devotion to the Czars. Russia already has become more self-supporting and far richer, and the new army organization will find even more formidable materials to work upon than the dogged soldiery who fought at Friedland and Inkerman. Above all, Mr. Butler-Johnstone is right in assuming that the important change in Russia's Polish policy has not been fully comprehended in England. He points out very clearly how the Government has been lately reducing the proportions of the danger that still remains a menace on the western frontier by directing its action to Lithuania rather than Poland. In what used to be the Grand Duchy of Warsaw the population are Poles where they are not Jews; and, to practical men impatient for the ends they have at heart, coercion seems a preferable alternative to civilization. In Lithuania it is only the proprietors and upper classes who are bound to be disaffected in virtue of their Polish blood; for the peasants are of Slavish race, and have no necessary animosity to their Russian kinsmen. So in the Lithuanian provinces Russia has been arbitrarily getting rid of the Polish landowners and suppressing the Polish language, and hopes with good reason to Russianize these troublesome districts before very long. Should she succeed in this, Galicia will cease to be an outpost through which Austria can always attack her underhand; and then, to quote Mr. Johnstone's expressions, Russia will have put into her pocket the key of the position in Eastern Europe, and changed the whole face of European politics. And, to have done with politics before we pass on to lighter themes, it is the whole point and moral of his book that, in case of war, we should find Russia even a more formidable enemy than we are generally in the way of supposing. Our fleets could, he thinks, do her but little injury, even if they swept the seas of what commerce she has, and shut her in behind her fortified seaports. If we meant to fight her to any purpose, we should once more have to fight her on land—and our author takes it for granted that she is to go to Constantinople—

* *A Trip up the Volga, to the Fair of Nijni-Novgorod.* By H. A. Munro Butler-Johnstone, M.P. Parker & Co. 1875.

and we know that, in the course of a dozen of years or so, she talks of having two millions and a half of men under arms. Thus the prospect, as he presents it, is by no means a cheering one, even should England in the meantime consent to a universal conscription in view of the impending struggle.

Mr. Johnstone's voyage up the river was pleasant and sometimes picturesque, and the visits he paid to the various colonies settled along its banks were highly interesting both ethnologically and socially. But we must hasten on with him to the fair of Nijni-Novgorod, where a business of some 30,000,000*l.* a year is quietly transacted in restaurants and tea-houses. And those who fancy a visit to the fair ought to lose no time; for, to all appearance, it is doomed, so far at least as its picturesque quality is concerned. Mr. Johnstone believes that the place must grow in importance as a *dépôt* for those bulky goods of which it is the natural outlet. But the development of means of communication by land deprives it of the commanding advantages given it by water carriage, and rival centres of trade are springing up elsewhere, each of them more or less prejudicial to some one of its lucrative monopolies. The Government authorities do not seem to contemplate its collapse, for they have been expending great sums on permanent sanitary improvements, and have consequently made it far more healthy than it used to be. Already, however, a marked falling off is visible in the numbers of those Orientals from Central and Eastern Asia who used to add so greatly to the romance of the place. There are still Persian and Armenian merchants, who, although they may wear the national costume, are making themselves as much as possible like Westerns in their manners and habits. But the Chinese and the Turcomans from the Khanates consign their wares, instead of accompanying them, and that is a sign of the beginning of the end. So far as goods go, the great falling off is in the tea. At one time China sent to Nijni-Novgorod by the overland route the whole of the tea that supplied the European territories of the Czar. When one thinks of the tremendous distances traversed, one does not know whether to be most surprised at the fact that the millions of poor Russians are tea-drinkers, or at the cheapness of labour and transport in the East that brought the article within their reach on any terms. It is 6,000 versts from the nearest Celestial tea-gardens to the Russian frontier; and in the 11,500 versts from Kiahia, on the frontier, to Nijni, there is so much land-transport, and so many transshipments, that the packages have to be made up in the toughest cowhide at a charge of three and a half roubles each. In 1856, however, the duty on Canton teas was greatly reduced, and since then the consignments of the caravan teas to Nijni-Novgorod have diminished to something less than a fifth. The fair, however, is likely at least to hold its own so far as iron is concerned, of which there is an annual delivery of about two million hundredweight, for the difference in cost of conveyance between water and rail is as one to five. There is a large and increasing trade in coarse gaudy-coloured cotton stuffs, of native manufacture, and it might be made more profitable than it is were it not for the extreme caution of the merchants. But they will not commit themselves in the way of orders to the manufacturers till they see how prices rule and what the season's demand is, so that they actually sell by sample at the beginning of the fair, and before the close of it have the goods made for delivery. Siberia and Asia, as well as the peasants at home, are excellent customers. Yet these flourishing manufactures would be in a poor way were it not for the high protective duties which cripple English competition. Particular markets may have suffered, but on the whole there seems as yet to be no falling off in the general prosperity and bustle of the fair. The gravest complaint of the merchants is that, thanks to the stricter police arrangements and increased facilities of travel, the place is by no means so agreeable as it used to be. For nowadays riot and jovial disorder are repressed with a firm hand, and ladies who used to be content to stay quietly at home will insist on accompanying their husbands.

We cannot take leave of Mr. Johnstone's valuable little volume without adverting to his chapter on the Koumis cure. "Koumis," as every one knows, is the fermented mare's milk which is a staple article of diet with the wandering Tartars. It struck some Russian doctors that the immunity enjoyed by these nomads from pulmonary complaints and general debility must be owing to certain properties in the koumis. *A priori*, it might have seemed that the healthy life and air of the steppes had as much to do with the vigour of the Kirghiz, but a course of experiments on consumptive patients confirmed the theory of the Russian medical men. The doctors differ widely as to the source of the indispensable virtues of the koumis. It is said that it must be made of milk from mares, of milk from thoroughbred mares, of thoroughbred Tartar mares, of thoroughbred Tartar mares fed on the medicinal pasturage of their native steppes; while some free-thinking heretics are found to maintain that English cows can produce it of unimpeachable quality. Be that as it may, the new system has found many believers, and it has been acclimatized as far to the west as Wiesbaden and even London; but the three most popular establishments are on the Volga, and one of these is directed by the inventor of the theory in person. Reading his chapter on the Koumis cure, we were inclined to agree with Mr. Johnstone that it must be an excellent thing for an enfeebled system, provided there was nothing organically wrong. But its concluding sentence is scarcely encouraging enough to send one specially to the Volga in the hope of restoration by the treatment:—"If you

don't lose your eye by an explosive cork, or get eaten up by a wolf, or stick in Jourawlaw's mud, or die of *ennui*, or run off with the gipsies, you will probably be all the better for the Koumis."

SHERMAN'S MEMOIRS.*

THIS work divides itself naturally into three distinct parts. The first tells the life of the most distinguished American soldier living (for such we take General Sherman incontestably to be) from the time of his being commissioned as a lieutenant of artillery up to the outbreak of the Civil War. The second narrates in great detail his own share in the events of that contest, and all that bears upon it. The third, confined to the concluding chapter, is a series of professional deductions drawn from the war and from a general study of the military art as it exists to-day on either side of the Atlantic. As most of our readers are aware, this latter portion appeared as a separate essay about twelve months ago, and was not only received with the respect due to a great reputation, but admired for its intrinsic value; for it embodies the results of professional and practical knowledge of the highest order, given with an originality and freshness which it would be perhaps hopeless to look for in the work of any soldier trained in the unyielding traditions of his profession in Europe. It was the great success of this fragment, which was hardly less read in Germany than among ourselves, that induced the General, as is usually understood, to give to the world at once that narrative of his own share in the contest which he had previously intended to keep back in order to spare the reputation of others still living, some of whom, we believe, are doing duty under him, and so are quite unable to answer for themselves.

This seems to have been just one of those cases where second thoughts are not the best. Of course General Sherman will be thanked by readers who merely desire to study closely the particulars of that eventful struggle which ended in making of a federation of independent States, marked into two great sections by strongly divided customs and interests, a single Republic, the most powerful by far that the world has ever seen or even imagined. Military critics especially may well be pleased that one of the chief commanders engaged has told his story of it so unreservedly. From a purely professional or scientific point of view one can hardly be too grateful for such a contribution to the already rich material for the history of that which was in its dimensions one of the greatest of all wars, and which cannot fail, so far as man's foresight can reach, to produce incalculably important effects on the future destinies of the world. But the writer's own reputation will hardly be enhanced by it. His published despatches, and the essay now reproduced at the end of these volumes, had already told the world that General Sherman was hardly less skilful with the pen than with the sword. But there were parts of his life already known which revealed the fact that he was as sharp and bitter in controversy as in his military treatment of the Southern States which he overcame towards the close of the war. And his friends dreaded, therefore, and not without good cause, that his volumes would add more to the number of his opponents than of his admirers, convincing the world, no doubt, of his power and sagacity, but also making known to it his want of judgment and liberality. General Sherman is straightforward in his dealings, and not afraid of any amount of responsibility; and these are of course valuable qualities in a commander-in-chief writing the narrative of his own campaigns. But he makes the mistake, as it seems to us, throughout of assuming that to tell the truth involves of necessity the telling it with bluntness and severity. And he carries this tendency to outspokenness to the extent of being sometimes not merely rude, but very unjust, to those whom he undertakes to judge.

He has been praised in America for not criticizing his superiors as freely as those who served with or under him. We cannot say that he really deserves this credit. No feat of arms in the whole war was more truly honourable to the victorious commander than the capture of Fort Donnellson—called in these volumes "the first real success on our side"—by General Grant, who, in unfavourable weather and with raw troops thrown far into a strange country, dared the adventurous course of marching straight to the front of a strong line of works held by nearly equal numbers of the enemy, and deliberately investing them till succour came, trusting much more to his own bold attitude than to any other advantage to secure him. Now, when we look at the brief reflections made by Sherman on this event, we find to our surprise the words, "As Grant was subject to Halleck's orders, I have always given Halleck the full credit for that movement, which was skilful, successful, and extremely rich in military results." And this conclusion is drawn, we are told, from the fact that, a month before, Halleck at a council of war had pointed out the Tennessee River, up which Grant did afterwards advance, as "the true line of operations." As though Halleck's strategical prescience could in any way have supplied his lieutenant, when once acting away from him independently, with the vigour and insight into the circumstances before him which carried Grant through an undertaking which at first seemed almost desperate to a very remarkable triumph. We dwell on this rather than on certain more conspicuous passages of the work in which Sherman, very fairly as we believe,

* *Memoirs of General W. T. Sherman.* Written by Himself. 2 vols. New York: Appleton. London: King & Co.

explains that the strategical experiment of his famous march through Georgia to the sea was his own conception, and not due to the inspiration of Grant, as certain sycophantic admirers of the President had asserted. Here he is but doing justice to his own reputation. But that he should try to wrest from his own old commander and comrade the credit due to him at the outset of the war, when he was the first of American leaders, Jackson not excepted, to understand the value of audacity when properly used with raw troops, is, in fact, to detract seriously from his own reputation for fair dealing or for judgment; for one or the other of these qualities is here greatly at fault.

Nor is Sherman's account of the final operations of 1863 about Chattanooga, one of the most critical portions of the war, much more just to his chief. After describing his own coming up in advance of his force, which was being hurried to Grant's support, he repeats the conversation that followed in such a manner as to leave with the reader the impression that Grant was disheartened, and his men starved and demoralized to an almost fatal extent. "Why," said I, "General Grant, you are besieged;" and he said, "It is too true." Up to that moment I had no idea that things were so bad." And yet he was perfectly acquainted with the fact that the bulk of the troops before him were of the army that had been so blindly defeated not long before under Rosencrans at Chickamauga; that Grant had been posted to the command in order to retrieve this great disaster, had hurried to the spot to use his personal endeavours, with perfect success, to stay the disheartened Northerners from recrossing the Tennessee; and that the despatch calling for the assistance of his own army had been brought through with the greatest difficulty; for he graphically describes the adventures of the messenger who brought it past the Confederate outposts, and "providentially" (as it is expressed) met with Federal troops after he had made his way to Tusculum. If things had not been in a bad way, he would not have been at Grant's side at all; and some praise of that General for maintaining his position undauntedly under conditions almost desperate would have been more graceful than words which imply that his own diligence in arriving is the first thing in his mind. In a similar spirit he remarks as to the earlier attempts on Vicksburg, one of which, conducted by himself, was severely repulsed:—"I have never criticized General Grant's strategy on this or any other occasion; but I thought then he had lost an opportunity which cost him and us six months' extra hard work." This sharp criticism, for it is useless to call it anything else, has for its motive the fact that Grant gave up the plan which Sherman advocated of still moving to the rear of Vicksburg from the north, after once failing there, and with obstinate and happy resolution finally attempted the same process from the south successfully. Sherman tells us that at the time he thought his advice should have been taken; and his feelings in writing of what occurred seem to be still as keen as at that day.

As to his subordinates, when we remember how a reckless Secretary of War, placed for political ends in charge of the operations, spread the malignant rumour of his insanity in revenge for Sherman's telling him clearly the military difficulties that lay before the North, we may excuse his withering contempt of the "political generals" who marred his plans. Some of them, no doubt, deserved all the scorn that a great professional soldier may think it worth while to bestow on ignorance and imbecility placed in high posts. But theirs are not the only reputations that would suffer if these memoirs were to be the sole authority. Even Macpherson, whose growing reputation throughout the Mississippi campaigns rivalled that of Sherman himself, and who succeeded him in charge of the army of the Tennessee when he took Grant's control of the whole Western operations, is hardly dealt with by the commander whom he loyally served until shot down before Atlanta. This officer, who in the very prime of youth had reached high command and shown promise of the greatest things, was more regretted by his comrades than any other who fell on the Northern side during the war. Yet Sherman, though telling us in some detail the circumstances of his fall, spares no word of regret for the loss sustained by the army, adding only the cold words:—"I learned that his body must have been in possession of the enemy some minutes, and was much concerned lest the letter I had written him that morning should have fallen into the hands of some one who could read and understand its meaning." Perhaps the innate honesty which thus states the first thought that pressed on the General-in-Chief's mind on hearing of the death of his lieutenant may somewhat excuse his apparent hardness. But Macpherson certainly won admiration from others for his disregard of self in the cause of duty. He lost his life owing to self-exposure that amounted to temerity. And it is difficult to justify the commander who at this date deliberately charges him with backwardness in losing the chance—the only one the cautious Confederate General ever allowed—of cutting off Johnston's retreat at the opening of this Atlanta campaign. As it is put in the Memoirs:—"Such an opportunity does not occur twice in a single life, but at the critical moment Macpherson seems to have been a little timid." The criticism may possibly be just, but it would have been only common generosity in the living commander to have assumed some of the responsibility of the failure of his own combinations, rather than to throw it all on his dead lieutenant.

Lesser men naturally fare worse in this work when their failures are recorded. Nor is General Sherman, to do him justice, at all backward to expose his own mistakes when the subordinate to be criticized is clearly the prime cause of them. Thus the famous march through

the Mississippi States to Meridian in 1863 with 20,000 men, which has been spoken of as a deliberate rehearsal of the great movement through Georgia in the following year, was in fact a blunder, the blame falling partly on the chief, but more on a subordinate. We shall here let Sherman tell his own story, for the passage serves well as a specimen of the vigorous and incisive, yet often rugged, style of which he is master, especially when attacking a reputation. The general referred to, it should be remembered, was an especial favourite of Grant's, who in the following year appears to have trusted him in important detached commands, and may be supposed therefore to have differed somewhat strongly with Sherman on the subject of his conduct. The latter writes:—

The object of the Meridian expedition was to strike the roads inland, so as to paralyse the rebel forces, whilst we could take from the defence of the Mississippi River the equivalent of a corps of twenty thousand men to be used in the next Georgia campaign; and this was actually done. At the same time, I wanted to destroy General Forrest, who, with an irregular force of cavalry, was constantly threatening Memphis and the river above, as well as our routes of supply in Tennessee. In this we failed utterly, because General W. S. Smith did not fulfil his orders, which were clear and specific, as contained in my letter of instructions to him of January 27th, at Memphis, and my personal explanations to him. Instead of starting at the date ordered, February 1st, he did not leave Memphis till the 11th, waiting for some regiment that was ice-bound near Columbus; and then, when he did start, he allowed General Forrest to head him off, and to defeat him with an inferior force, near West Point, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

We waited at Meridian till the 20th to hear from him, but hearing nothing whatever, and having utterly destroyed the railroads in and around that junction, I ordered General McPherson to move back slowly toward Canton. With Wildon's cavalry and Harbit's infantry I turned north to Union, and despatched the cavalry farther north to feel as it were for General Smith, and then all the infantry columns toward Canton, Mississippi. On the 26th we all reached Canton, but we had not heard a word of General Smith, nor was it until some time after (at Vicksburg) that I learned the whole truth of General Smith's movement and of his failure. Of course I did not and could not approve of his conduct, and I know that he yet chafes under the censure. I had set so much store on his part of the project that I was disappointed, and so reported officially to General Grant. General Smith never regained my confidence as a soldier, though I still regard him as a most accomplished gentleman and skilful engineer. Since the close of the war he has appealed to me to relieve him of that censure, but I could not do it, because it would falsify history.

As already pointed out, however, there is probably something to be said on the other side. At any rate, Sherman's frequent and sweeping condemnations of those employed under him have not found acceptance in his own country. We could wish that he had left to lesser men that criticism of others which in him seems hardly becoming, and certainly cannot add to his well-won reputation.

We have confined our notice purposely to that section of the Memoirs which is of historical interest. But it would be unfair to dismiss this work without calling attention, however briefly, to that preceding portion which describes the author's life up to the time of the Civil War. Sherman was one of the small band of officers of the regular army allotted to the first American garrison of California, and hence was deprived of the professional opportunity which the Mexican war gave to nearly all of his standing. His account of the pioneer civilization on the Pacific coast of the great Republic is of great interest and lasting value, and will of itself fully repay the reader of the Memoirs. And soldiers disheartened by being thrown in early life out of the active service which is the first attraction of their calling may take comfort in observing how high a professional character was maintained even before the Civil War by this distinguished American, as well as by the knowledge that, from the first day he took his place in it, he proved himself the more than equal of others of his standing who had the previous training of a severe campaign. Like Napier of Magdala he began his actual warrior's duty after twenty years passed in peaceful labours. Like our great Indian soldier, notwithstanding this supposed drawback, he from the first day to the last of his active service rose higher and higher in the esteem of his country.

THE DESERTED CITIES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.*

AMIDST all the grounds of quarrel which the lover of nature has with railroads, there is one characteristic which he will admit to distinguish them favourably from other modes of travelling. They put down no passengers between stations; and where towns, and even villages, are of rare occurrence, the country on either side of a railway may be more completely solitary than it was in the days of coaches or canal-boats. Even within a short distance of London there are districts which have, so to say, been opened up afresh by the recent passion for coaching, districts which until a year or two back were even less visited than they were half a century ago. Around them stretches a complete cordon of railways—main lines, branch lines, and loop lines. You cannot go more than five miles in any direction without seeing the familiar signal-posts and hearing the familiar whistle. But within this inclosing line the travellers are only the fewer because of the increased facilities for travelling. It is so easy to go further that people are only beginning to consider whether they may not possibly fare worse if they do. M. Henri Havard has been unusually fortunate in discovering a region which, though it lies within a very short distance of several great

* *La Hollande pittoresque: Voyage aux Villes mortes du Zuiderzée.* Par M. Henri Havard. Paris: Plon et Cie.

cities, appears to have slipped out of ordinary human reckoning as entirely as though it were in another quarter of the globe. If its merits were of a kind likely to attract Mr. Cook's all-seeing eye, we should have some hesitation about giving any additional publicity to M. Havard's injudicious disclosure. The worst possible use that any traveller can make of his good luck in finding an unspoiled bit of country near his own door is to tell any one else of it. So long as he holds his tongue there is at least a chance that some one else may be as fortunate as himself, and that the spot which has escaped the eyes of a generation of hasty travellers may be rediscovered from time to time for the benefit of those who wish when they leave home to change surroundings and companions as well as place. When he has taken the public into his confidence the chance is usually over. If there are not many travellers who genuinely care for untouched nature—nature without large hotels, or omnibuses, or tables-d'hôte—there are many who profess to care about it, and who at all events take enough interest in it to be ready to go and spoil it at the shortest possible notice. But the shores of the Zuyder Zee are, in a double sense, not everybody's money. They are troublesome to get at, and, when the traveller has surmounted this preliminary difficulty, there is a curious archaic flavour about the country and the people which will probably attract only a small minority of travellers. The towns described by M. Havard please the imagination rather than the eye. The attention is arrested by what you do not see as much as by what you do see. Their charm is less anything in their actual condition than the incongruity between their actual condition and the condition in which you might expect to find them if you judged them only by their place on the map. We have good hopes therefore that, after M. Havard's very interesting account of his journey has found as many readers as it deserves, there will be but few of them who will be tempted to follow in his track. Any large inroad of travellers would spoil these towns for the occasional visitor without adding to their prosperity or arresting their decay, and we are consequently doing them no harm in wishing them a continued exemption from the plague of foolish tourists.

When M. Havard conceived the idea of circumnavigating the Zuyder Zee, he was met by a host of obstacles. In every part of it there is water enough for a shipwreck, but it is only in certain narrow and devious channels that there is water enough for anything else. There is no regular means of getting from point to point except by chartering a boat of your own, and the vessel must combine the inconsistent recommendations of drawing very little water and having enough accommodation to serve as the traveller's home for the month or so which the voyage will last. With the exception of bread and fresh vegetables, all kinds of provisions and an ample supply of drinking water must be laid in before starting. When the boat has been hired and provisioned, the next step is to find a captain. Sailors who know a part of the Zuyder Zee are common enough; but as a pilot's licence only covers a fraction of the coast, and as, in order to take a ship to any other part of it a fresh licence is necessary, it is rare to meet with a man who combines in his own person all the necessary knowledge. M. Havard, or rather a Dutch friend who accompanied him on his journey, succeeded at last in obtaining a *talk* of 60 tons which drew only three feet of water, and a captain who was willing to make the voyage on condition that there should be no appeal from his judgment upon questions of weather, and that he should not be asked to work on Sundays. Starting from Amsterdam, M. Havard first made his way along the islands which form the western coast of the Zuyder Zee, until he reached the Helder. Thence he crossed to Harlingen, and returned along the coast of Friesland to Zwolle, where he bade farewell to the sea, and went back to Amsterdam by railway. The most interesting part of the journey was the voyage along the coast of North Holland. Both places and people are absolutely untouched by modern changes. Their lives, their costumes, their houses, are those which they led, and wore, and lived in two centuries ago. The scenes with which the lovers of Dutch pictures and Delft pottery are familiar are reproduced for the traveller's benefit as he moves along. It would be a curious inquiry how far back this conservatism extends. Certainly what is now preserved rarely dates from the middle ages. Probably the iconoclastic enthusiasm of the Dutch Reformation suspended for the time the conservative instincts of the people, and when their lives again became stereotyped, the severance from mediæval traditions showed itself as much in art as in religion. From that time the absence of change in these towns has probably helped and been helped by their gradual decay. M. Havard's description of Monnikendam and Hoorn gives a striking picture of the present condition of places which were once considerable cities. Their streets are deserted, their houses stand empty, and in some cases the old walls now inclose large meadows, and cows graze on ground which was once covered by human dwellings. Nothing seems to link them on to the world from which they are separated by so short a distance. Even where they still retain a considerable trade it does not seem to bring with it any great addition of vitality. Edam, which sends its cheese, or cheese called by its name, over half the world, has no more signs of external prosperity than its neighbours which no longer enjoy even a local fame. M. Havard's observations seem to have been made only with the eye; at least, the information which he gives about the various towns he visited is only such as is to be found in books. A few details about the life of the inhabitants, how they support themselves, how they amuse themselves, how they manage their municipal affairs, what amount of interest they take

in general Dutch politics, would have added considerably to the interest of his work. Or, if these particulars are altogether out of M. Havard's line, we should advise him to go over the same ground once more, accompanied by a photographer or an etcher. A few good photographs or etchings, with enough of explanation to make them intelligible, would convey a clearer idea of these quaint survivals from an age of which even the remains are elsewhere passing away than pages of description. There must be many persons who feel curious about these dead cities who at the same time are never likely to visit them, and for these an artist's reproduction of their unchanged streets and interiors would have a genuine interest.

If the recent passion for pottery has created any real students of its history, they will be eager to follow in M. Havard's footsteps. Mere collectors may as well stay at home, for the devotion of the inhabitants of North Holland to the blue Delft which fills their cabinets and hangs on their walls is far too strong to allow them to part with any of it. In Friesland this regard has given place to an incursion of modern furniture and china, but by this time, according to M. Havard, the dealers have swept the district too clean to allow of anything beyond a few gleanings being still obtained. But in North Holland, if there is nothing to be bought, there is much to be seen. Almost every house has something to show either of Delft or of the Oriental originals from which so much of the decoration of Delft ware was copied. Even in the island of Marken, which is inhabited exclusively by fishermen, there are two collections of so much local fame that the Queen of the Netherlands has paid them a visit. It would be well if not only those persons who are interested in pottery, or furniture, or metal work would make the voyage round the Zuyder Zee, but also those who have a commercial interest in directing the public taste. It was said not long since by a dealer in curiosities, who had noticed the decline of a particular fashion which has been the rage for two or three years back, that something else must take its place because the dealers must live. It would be worth the while of some shopkeeper of enterprise to take a vessel round the Zuyder Zee for the purpose of bringing home, not the jealously guarded curiosities which abound there, but the many objects of everyday use which are to be had there for a few pence, and some at least of which might be reproduced here at a not very much greater cost. If the recent return to a better taste in household decoration is to be anything more than a fashion confined to a few small cliques, there must be a large improvement in the form and decoration of things of common use. That ugliness and cheapness need not be identical is shown by the fact that some of the least valued objects in a modern crockery shop are better in form than those of higher price. Traditions have been retained for the kitchen long after they have been discarded for the dining-room. In North Holland there has been no change in any of the surroundings of life for two centuries, and the designer who wishes to learn how far we fall short of, and how far we have improved upon, the taste of that time cannot have a better field of inquiry than the western shores of the Zuyder Zee. He might make a large profit by the sale of his cargo when he came back, and yet sell it cheaply; and some at all events of the manufacturers might gain useful hints from the careful study of Dutch pots and pans.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.*

DIAMOND Cut Diamond is a collection of short, and we fancy reprinted, stories of Italian life. This is not a very alluring description, for short stories are not always worth collecting, and tales of Italian life are generally dull and conventional. Their authors rely too much on local colouring, and the reader, unlike the virtuous peasantry of the fiction, gets tired of polenta, macaroni, and the other venerable properties of artists and novelists. The swarthy *contadino*, the pretty *contadina* in her bright costume, the venerable friar with his beard and russet gown, are "played out long ago," if we may use an expression which Mr. Swinburne has thought fit to apply to the seasons. Mr. Trollope, however, has been fairly successful in avoiding these stock properties, and he has a much better reason than common for reprinting his stories. Though they deal with different periods in the history of Italy, from the adventures of Vittoria Accoramboni in the sixteenth century to the intrigues of priestly politicians against the Government of the united Italian kingdom, they have all a common motive. They all exhibit the life of Italians as conditioned by the influence of the Church or of the nobility, and they all go to prove that, on the whole, this life is every way improved under the new Liberal Government, "which has at least," says Mr. Trollope, "had the effect of loosening men's tongues on political questions."

No picture of the existing condition of the peninsula can be satisfactory, least of all can it be satisfactory to persons who take an æsthetic view of politics. Mr. Ruskin may be left to tell the story of their woes, to bewail the numbers of steamers, railways, American tourists, and paper-mills, which fill the classical country with shrill sounds, and odours of coal smoke, of musk, and of manufactories. Italy is less beautiful, and less quiet, than of old; there is not more discontent perhaps; but then the discontent of farmers who no longer hold their lands from easy ecclesiastical

* *Diamond Cut Diamond*. By T. A. Trollope. London: Chapman & Hall.

landlords is more touching to the sensible heart than the discontent of young Liberals in the cities. Mr. Trollope is on the side of the young Liberals, and the simple plot of some of his stories consists in showing how a handsome member of this class won the heart of a pretty girl, how the priests conspired with the lady's mother to prevent the marriage, and how the young people triumphed at last, and love and Liberalism were victorious.

It is always difficult for Englishmen, and it is particularly difficult at present, to understand the way in which the ordinary people, who are neither Red nor religious fanatics, regard the struggle between Church and State in Italy. Mr. Trollope takes us into the houses of the middle classes, of Domenico Rappi, the prosperous old *fattore*, or factor as he would be called in Scotland; of Giuseppe Marini, the chemist, who is anything but prosperous; and shows us the shape which the strife between the secular and ecclesiastical authorities assumes in the domestic circle. He represents the priests as having absolute power over the hearts and conduct of the middle-aged women, and more than hints that many of the Italian clergy only differ from clergy of the Beecher type through the comparative respectability of philandering in the interests of a great party and a venerable institution. There is no event in the family life which is so small as not to affect, for good or evil, the schemes of the Church. The mothers are worked on to prevent their daughters from marrying Liberals. The confessional is used for small political purposes, to catch a vote "in the goddess assembly." The men of the family are managed as well as the women. Though they are supposed to detest the Church, and, in fact, to be what Mr. Stiggins called "wessels" of wrath, they are always spoken of by the clergy as "worthy men, who have not attained to that earnestness in religious matters which we could wish." The result of all this astuteness is not, if we are to believe Mr. Trollope, exactly a fortunate one, as may be gathered from the story of Olivia and Giulia Rappi.

The Signorine Rappi were the daughters of a rich old free-thinking *fattore*, and of his wife, a worldly devotee. Olivia, the elder girl, is described as a Madonna-like maiden, very devout, and inclined to favour a certain Simone Bossi, who had held a farm from the monks of the Camaldoli, and who was rich, stupid, and reactionary. Giulia, on the other hand, who was "the model for an Aurora," was fond of a peasant of great personal beauty and moderately Liberal views named Carlo Sparti. The father encouraged this latter courtship, while the mother and the Priore were all for marrying Olivia to her Simone, and for shutting up the "model for Aurora" in a convent. The Priore managed to have Carlo Sparti thrown into prison on the charge of aiding the escape of a conscript, and the cruel scheme would have been carried out but for a happy discovery of the old *fattore's*. He found out that the Vicario in his parish had stolen and sold a venerable piece of Church property, and by threatening to disclose the theft kept the Priore in check. The priest had already changed his plans on finding out that the faithless Bossi preferred Giulia the Aurora-like to Olivia the Madonna-like, and he suggested to that young lady that she had better make up her mind to retire into a convent in place of her sister. Deprived of her lover, rejected and insulted, Olivia drowned herself just as Carlo Sparti came home with Giulia as his bride, and we are assured that, "as far as concerns the widespread misery which priestly manœuvres frequently produce, the story has nothing very uncommon about it."

The story, in this respect, certainly has nothing to distinguish it from the others which Mr. Trollope tells. "Meo Varalla won his first love," just as Carlo Sparti did, in opposition to the wishes of the mother and the priest. The "Lottery Dreamer" again, is the tale of how a foolish old jeweller gambled away his daughter's dowry in the lottery, and how lotteries are patronized by the Church. Only in "Zuan the Gondolier" does the priest appear as anything but mischievous; he refuses to give a bad old man absolution till he forgives his son, and as Zuan brings the son, through a storm in the Adriatic, to the father's deathbed, and thus gets leave to marry the daughter, true love for once is rather aided by the priest than otherwise. There is no priest at all, except the one who must have performed the inevitable marriage ceremony, in the "Golden Book of Torcello," which is a very pretty sketch of life in the ruinous island suburbs of Venice. To make up for this deficiency, Mr. Trollope is able to heap up his scorn on the clergy of the sixteenth century when he comes to tell the tragedy of "Vittoria Accoramboni."

It does not appear that Mr. Trollope has ever heard of John Webster, or read a play called the *White Devil of Italy*. Possibly he has done both; possibly he wishes to show how the modern school of fiction can improve on a masterpiece of the old school of drama. His handling of the theme is every way different from Webster's. Instead of representing Vittoria Corombona as the "prodigious comet," and "baleful ominous star" of crime, the woman who suggests a double and unnatural murder to her lover, and who dazzles her judges with her splendid insolence, he speaks of her as "that desirable lot, with magnificent head of hair annexed, lovely eyes, attractive form, brilliant accomplishments laid on regardless of expense, &c. &c." It is probable that Mr. Trollope's version of the affair is more accurate than Webster's; Webster makes Orsini's wife alive while he is wooing the already married Vittoria; he gives Cornelia, the mother of the "White Devil," a marked and even noble character; he represents Orsini himself as, at all events, a tennis-player, while Mr. Trollope makes him a shapeless mass of diseased flesh. Webster has been anxious to give dignity and passion to his characters; it has suited Mr. Trollope to write of them all as of the meanest of felons. Mr. Trollope may be right, and it is perhaps with truth that he ascribes

the general baseness of the persons to "the same evil influences, lay and spiritual—absolutely the same in kind, if somewhat mitigated in intensity—from which Italy is now straining every nerve to escape." However that may be, it is a pity that he has chosen to indulge in occasional coarseness and dippancy, which, with a curious carelessness of language, are inexcusable faults of style in writing on a subject which has been made classical by a great genius.

We had noted some passages in which Mr. Trollope's laxness, not to say vulgarity, of style is conspicuous; but after all these are only occasional blemishes in work which is full of life, of interest, of close observation and sympathy. It is in his sparing and skilful use of description that Mr. Trollope most excels. He does not thrust the wonted vines and figs and olives and sunsets of Italy on us with the recklessness of writers to whom these things are new and strange. When he paints a scene it is sure to be a scene worth painting—such, for instance, as this sketch of an ancient dyeing house in Florence, which is a favourable specimen of his manner:—

It cannot be said that the old dyeing-house was beautiful, that it bore the slightest resemblance to any order of architecture ever heard of, or that to the eye of any city surveyor, architect, or sanitary reformer it was even decent. But it was very strange, very unlike anything else in the nineteenth-century world, and withal singularly picturesque. From vaults below the level of the street, four or five huge cavernous mouths opened on the public way, from which dense bodies of vapour were always issuing forth, while bare-armed and strangely tinted figures might be dimly descried around steaming vats in the chiaroscuro of the den within. Piles and acres of newly-dyed goods were heaped around these doorways, or hung out to dry on the opposite parapet wall. . . . The walls of the building over these vaults reached only to the height of one story. But above that, raised on timbers at the height of about two stories more, and thus covering a vast space of open terrace, was such a roof as never entered into the mind of a modern builder to conceive. . . . The huge beams—each a tree from the pine forests of the Apennines—crossed each other in every possible direction, and at every imaginable angle. And high in the air was the enormous beetle-browed roof, with its mellow-coloured red tiling, projecting far on all sides, beyond the basement of the structure. Then must be imagined all the wondrous play of light and shadow as the rays of an Italian sun darted in and lost themselves among that quaint forest of timbers; and further the effect of the long pendant draperies of newly and brightly dyed stuffs hung up here and there among the recesses of the labyrinth of beams; and then it will be understood that the old roof of the dyers was a bit of Florence dear to an artist's heart.

Even in this passage we have omitted one or two lines in which the affectation of smartness mars the general effect of the picture. *Diamond Cut Diamond* would be a pleasanter book if all the funny bits were ruthlessly excised, and old Rappi would be more life-like if he did not describe an event as "a queer go."

ROUND ABOUT LLANDUDNO.*

WHEN, in 1783, Pennant published his *Tour in Wales*, he seems to have regarded Llandudno as synonymous with the huge headland on which St. Tudno's Church is situated—in fact, with the Great Orme's Head itself. The flat isthmus connecting the lofty rock Rhiwledn, or the Little Orme's Head, and the high land above Gloddaeth with the great promontory opposite was then but thinly populated, and in place of its now handsome watering-place, with terraces, parades, and well-built streets, lay an out-of-the-world fishing village of primitive simplicity. What would the observant old antiquary say to Llandudno now? Perhaps, that it was just a little spoilt by the incursions of tourists and the weekly freights of the Liverpool pleasure steamers. Certainly he would find that there is no lack of caterers for those who are curious about the history of the neighbourhood, though he might doubt whether a lapse of nearly a century has taught writers to be more exact and less discursive than their predecessors. There is no end of Llandudno Guide-books, to say nothing of the chapter devoted to the place in Murray's *Handbook to North Wales*; and the two little books now before us may serve, on the score of their recent publication, as pegs on which to hang a notice of the Welsh Brighton and its surroundings. Not that Mr. Smith's archaeology is so exact as it might be, considering the small area it covers, or that other "handy guides" might not do their work with more succinctness and less repetition than Mr. Price, who hails from the Water-cure establishment, and whose pleasant garrulity reminds us of Horace's line—"Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops." But both writers touch on matters of which no intelligent visitor should be ignorant, and, whilst declining to follow Mr. Price over the outlying parts of Carnarvon and Denbigh, which he includes among "places of interest in the neighbourhood," we can easily prove on their showing that there is ample field for the archaeologist, the naturalist, and the lover of the picturesque within a walk or a drive.

Old Pennant explored this district from the standpoint of Conway, for the very sufficient reason doubtless that there was then no civilized Llandudno to start from. Nowadays, excursions are most conveniently made from the excellent head-quarters which Llandudno affords to those who are willing to pay for them. And the first of these excursions should be round the north-west

* *Llandudno, and How to Enjoy It: a Handy Guide to the Town and Neighbourhood*. By John Price, M.A. London: Simpkin & Marshall. Llandudno: B. Woodcock. 1875.

The Archaeology of the Great Orme's Head, North Wales. By J. Smith, Fellow of the Royal Archaeol. and Hist. Ass., Ireland, &c. Llandudno: Woodcock. 1875.

barrier of the isthmus, between which and the lesser Orme there was a narrow strait, according to geologists, till within a late period, as geologists account lateness. "The grand round of the peninsula" may now be made on foot by a walk of nearly six miles along the limestone cliffs, and along ramparts which in some places rise in sheer perpendicularity from the sea-level. Within the last summer the beginning has been made of a carriage drive round this formidable and precipitous headland's utmost verge, and a few years will probably bring within easy reach the cavern of Llech at the extreme northern point, which formerly could only be approached with risk by tracking a rugged and narrow zig-zag from the summit to the very sea-ledges. Haply it may in time be feasible to gather here the samphire of the beetling cliffs without the traditional perils of the olden samphire-gatherers; at present, however, to fetch a compass round these dizzy heights demands some strength of nerve, though the actual danger is reduced to the smallest dimensions by the improvement and protection of the pathway. Another cavern, by the way, of the north-west crag is approachable by sea on a calm day, and is interesting as the scene of the wreck of the brig *Hornby*, from which it takes its name, in 1824. "The timbers, spars, crew, rigging, and freight were jammed unto it," Mr. Price tells us, "as a hideous conglomerate, by the raging sea, but one of the crew surviving to tell the tale."

But we must now speak of the archaeology of the Great Orme, called by the Welsh "Gogarth." Passing the baths, and following the east cliff, the explorer will have on his left the remains of the British fortress of Pen-y-Dinas, in token of which there yet remain a rude wall and the traces of numerous cyttiau, or British huts. It overlooks the town, and hard by it, at one corner, is a now deposed "rocking-stone," known by the natives as Crŷd Tudno, or St. Tudno's Cradle, and having a road to it and a seeming fosse around it. With this ancient camp Mr. Smith connects the name of the hundred Creuddyn-y-Rhos, or the "bloody city," as marking the field of battle where the Romans defeated the occupants of these native strongholds with great slaughter. It is a plausible conjecture that the avenue of two single lines of microlithic stones at right angles with each other, which is at no great distance, and which bears the name of Gwylfa-y-Ceirw (tr. "a watchplace for the deer"), may have been a commemorative monument of this sanguinary struggle; though it must be remembered that stones of vast size, such as the Harkening Rock in the Forest of Dean, are elsewhere traditionally associated with primitive deer-stalking. It is also more consistent with the analogy of other and similar avenues that they should lead to some great and central sepulchral chamber, though no signs of such a one are here extant, the Orme's Head possessing only one cromlech, and that more to the west. Perhaps the most popular "antiquity" of the Great Orme's Head is St. Tudno's church, which was restored twenty years ago by the liberality of a settler at Llandudno. It is at no great distance from the Gwylfa-y-Ceirw to the east, and is said to have been the site of St. Tudno's cell in the seventh century. This was replaced by a larger structure in the eleventh century, and additions of a later date seem to belong to the beginning of the fifteenth. The present chapel is oblong in form, and 60 ft. by 17½ ft. Frescoes were discovered while the restoration was proceeding, which have been allowed to be effaced, but the old font and two incised coffin lids of the thirteenth century were recovered from baser uses, and an emblematic representation of our Lord's wounds from the roof of the chancel was, with other carvings, also restored to its place. The chapel of St. Tudno, of whom little is recorded except that he was the friend of St. Cybi, the founder of the church at Carnarvon, was probably connected with the monastic institution at Gogarth Abbey, the ruins of which, early and mediæval, still exist on the S.W. side of the Great Orme's Head, not very much above the sea-level. Betwixt this and Priestholme, or Puffin Island, was once dry land, and the island was, according to tradition, the weekly tryst of St. Tudno and St. Cybi. This mainland too, according to another legend, suffered a kindred visitation to that of which Mr. Peacock lays the scene in Cardiganshire, and which he commemorates in the "Misfortunes of Elphin." Mr. Smith tells the tale of "Helig-ap-Glanawg," but in his vague sketch there is quite enough to convince us that it is only another version of the incursion of the sea into the Cantref-y-Gwaelod, or Lowland Hundred.

Gogarth Abbey was an appendage of Conway, and it is interesting to learn from Mr. Price that within its precincts are still traces of an old garden of herbs and vegetables, such as the monks loved to cultivate. This is an observation quite in Mr. Price's manner, who has much more to say about flora and fauna than about antiquities. A keen sportsman from boyhood—a boyhood passed more or less in the vicinity of the Little Orme's Head—he has an eye, like Pennant's, for razor-bill, guillemot, and gull, as well as for the Peregrine falcons, which, he says, have never ceased breeding in these headlands "since a Mostyn presented a King of England with a cast of hawks." As to the puffins, they have more to do with Priestholme, but he draws a lively picture of the risks of the "egggers," who scale terrific precipices to reach the haunts of guillemots and razor-bills, and whose perilous quest is likely to be stopped by a law as wholesome to the destroyers as to the destroyed. It is evidently nature's provision that they should increase and multiply, for, as we learn, the eggs of these birds are prevented from being blown over the rock-ledges in sidelong gales "by their strong big-endian and little-endian tendencies which cause them

to rotate as a thimble, rather than stray over the edge." According to Mr. Price (and water-drinkers are seldom bad judges of good eating), all gulls are edible, one species being as good as a widgeon. He assures us that "any smallish gull with a speckled head, following the plough, or otherwise found inland, is well worth cooking." For notices of less frequent feathered visitors to these heights, Mr. Price's pages may be consulted, as also for the clefts and cavities which harbour wild geranium, forget-me-not, privet, juniper, &c., whilst the mountain-top presents us with dropwort, *Gnaphalium diæcum*, *Scilla verna*, and suchlike interesting plants. To return for a moment to the heights, Mr. Price does not overlook the dormant lead and copper mines of the Great Orme's Head, "the copper sometimes of malachite type, and the rich brown crystals studded with pyrites, coating the stone." Though the inroads of the sea have stopped profitable mining, it went on in Pennant's day, and other accounts beside that of Mr. Smith, of the discovery of coins and implements in the copper mines, establish the theory of "Roman workings."

It is, however, in the wonders of the Little Orme's Head and the Rhiwledan rocks on its west side that Mr. Price reveals. The Rhiwledan cliffs, he says, are best seen by those who at low tide, i.e. in the evening or early morning, walk along the beach, and, selecting a large slab at the foot of the cliff, lie flat on their backs and gaze up at hanging gardens of wild cabbage, at ledges of rock tenanted by gulls, razor-bills, and cormorants, and thus realize the grandeur of these sheer precipices. In his recommendation of this "anti-bird's-eye view" we are surprised to find a veteran scholar misquoting Ovid, but we can excuse much for the lively manner in which he acts as cicerone over this part of his task, whether the excursion be to Pobty, or to the Oven and the Eglwys Wen cavern, or to the far eastern member of the Lesser Orme's Head, Trwyn-y-Fuwch, or the Cow's Ness. A good deal of the Pobty scenery must be got at by boat, but a journey by land affords a view of Llandrillo-yn-Rhos, where there is a fine double-aisled Perpendicular church, with a tower having double-stepped battlements, and, further away, of the Flintshire hills. Mr. Price gives three routes by which to get to Llandrillo church, and what is now called Colwyn Bay, the second of which is the more romantic and picturesque, and the third the best, inasmuch as the road is good, and passes Capel Trillo, and Llys Eurn, the site of an ancient palace of Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, and the two-peaked Bryn Eurn immediately above it. The second route, after crossing a ford near Penrhyn, passes Marle, and Pabo, and Langysteyn Wood, and affords a sight of some very pretty woodland scenery. In the wood just mentioned, our guide tells us, the long-horned owl used to breed. It seems like misusing a fortnight's holiday to prefer the woods and the cultivated lands about Eglwys Rhos, Diganwy, and the Conway banks to the open sea beyond the Little Orme's Head; yet no excursion can be more charming than that which takes in the three sylvan scenes which the names of Gloddaeth, Bodysgallen, and Marle call to remembrance. The first may easily be reached on foot from Llandudno, and a good account of all three as they were in his day is given by Pennant. One way into the Gloddaeth grounds is by taking a foot-path behind Eglwys Rhos cruciform church, which every visitor at Llandudno will not fail to notice. Gloddaeth is an old seat of the Mostyns, the house being of Elizabethan date, and having some curious timber work and carving in the entrance hall. But the demesne around it is far more memorable than the house, and justifies our Handy Guide's praise that in it "birds, flowers, and rocks conspire to represent the three kingdoms most invitingly." "The clear melody of the blackcap, and the sweet whisperings of the wood wrens (chiffchaff included), with the quaint jargon of all the tits, the two very distinct cooings of the cushat and the stockdove, blended with the harsher notes of the jay and the woodpecker, form a concert to which one might listen entranced through the live-long summer's day." The hill slopes, which were most successfully planted by Sir Roger Mostyn in the last century, lead up to summits whence may be seen the Conway towers and the Conway river in its windings towards Llanrwst, backed by Moel Siabod, Carnedd Llewelyn, and Carnedd Dafydd in the distance; whilst, looking in the opposite direction, we catch the Flintshire Hills and the estuaries of the Mersey and the Dee. Mr. Price calls attention to the "old red sandstone" cropping out near the entrance gate of Gloddaeth, and to its use in the walls of the adjoining mansion of Bodysgallen, which is also of Elizabethan date, and also formerly belonged to the Mostyn family. Pennant takes the name to imply the "dwelling-place of Scallan," perhaps an abbreviation of Caswallon. It commands from its garden terraces a perfect view of Conway and its mountain background, and is well worth a visit, externally and internally. Amongst its dendrological curiosities are two deodaras, which must have been planted at the time of the first introduction of that species of cedar into England, and a giant fig-tree, trained on the garden-wall. Round the back of Pabo Hill, if the visitor is in a vehicle, or by a short foot-path through sundry wickets and a big door, if he is a pedestrian, the descent is made to Marle, an old and dilapidated mansion partly burnt forty years before Pennant's day, and, we believe, still further injured by fire at a later period. Inside the ruins, as Mr. Price notes, is an elm of sixty or seventy years old, thus marking the minimum date of the last fire, and on the top of a partition wall is an ash of extraordinary dimensions. The sloping and terrace-like gardens of Marle have a sheltered and southern aspect, and do a great deal towards supplying Llandudno and Conway markets; but they have a pictu-

resqueens arising from the surrounding timber, the rookery wood above the old house, and the row of fine *Ilex* trees below.

Before we conclude these notes on Llandudno and its environs it may be as well to inform strangers that they will seek in vain "the rock whose haughty brow frowns o'er Conway's sable flood." Neither at Diganwy nor anywhere else on the Llandudno side of the Conway could Gray's Bard have taken his fabled "header." The cliffs on the opposite side of the river in the grounds at Bodlondob might perhaps at high water have served the purpose, but we are not sure about it. As we have already said, we decline accompanying Mr. Price on his wider circuits in this part of Wales, and most certainly we should dissuade any of our readers from putting into practice his novel little game, suggested in pp. 99-100, with a design to enliven a stay at Penmaen-mawr. It is, in brief, to get into a strong and well-padded box, or we might say "coffin," at the top of one of the "streams of stone" which were once lava, and which come with a rush at a very high incline down the hillside." As far as we can judge, shooting a cataract would be nothing to it. It is fair to add that Mr. Price's book has not many such eccentric suggestions as this, and for amusement as well as information it deserves the perusal of all explorers around Llandudno.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. DARWIN has reprinted in a revised and expanded form his masterly Essay on the Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants* which first appeared in the Journal of the Linnean Society in 1865. In this paper he calls attention to certain tendril-bearing plants, such as *Bignonia capreolata*, *Cobæa*, *Echinocystis*, and *Hamburya*, which in the way of movement display as beautiful adaptations as can be found in any part of the kingdom of nature; and his account of them is an admirable example of delicate scientific observation. It is pointed out, moreover, that intermediate states between organs fitted for widely different functions may be observed on the same plant of *Corydalis claviculata* and the common vine; and this, Mr. Darwin suggests, illustrates in a striking manner the principle of the gradual evolution of species. Thus a leaf, while still subserving its original functions, may become sensitive to a touch, and grasp an adjoining object. In fact, it appears that climbing plants have utilized and perfected a widely distributed and incipient capacity, which, as far as is known, is of no service to ordinary plants. The most different organs—stems, branches, flowers, peduncles, petioles, mid-ribs of the leaf and leaflets, and apparently aerial roots—all possess a power of movement in manifest relation to their wants. The first action of a tendril is to place itself in a proper position; and, if a twining plant or tendril gets by accident into an inclined position, it soon bends upwards, though secluded from the light, the guiding instinct being the attraction of gravity. There is also a spontaneous revolving movement which is independent of any outward stimulus, and is contingent only on youthfulness and vigorous health; and all tendrils, whatever their homological nature, and the petioles or tips of the leaves of leaf-climbers, and apparently certain roots, have the power of movement when touched, and bend quickly towards the touched side. Tendrils, after clasping a support, but not after a temporary curvature, always contract spirally. Mr. Darwin believes, with Sachs and H. de Vries, that these movements are usually due to unequal growth—that is, more rapid growth on one side than the other—but that it is not so in the case of rapid movements from a delicate touch. We must quote the statement with which the writer concludes of the high place in the scale of organization to which a tendril-bearer may climb:—"It first places its tendrils ready for action, as a polypus places its tentacula. If the tendril be displaced, it is acted on by the force of gravity, and rights itself. It is acted on by the light, and bends towards or from it, or disregards it, whichever may be most advantageous. During several days the tendrils or internodes, or both, spontaneously revolve with a steady motion. The tendril strikes some object, and quickly curls round and firmly grasps it. In the course of some hours it contracts into a spire, dragging up the stem, and forming an excellent spring. All movements now cease. By growth the tissues soon become wonderfully strong and durable. The tendril has done its work, and has done it in an admirable manner."

A manual of a kind which was much wanted, and which will be of great value to students, has been prepared by Dr. Huxley and Dr. Martin†, giving a course of practical instruction in elementary biology adapted to the lectures of the Royal School of Mines at South Kensington. It is, in fact, a guide to laboratory work. A number of common and easily obtainable plants and animals—such as yeast, protocoecum from the mud in roof-gutters, proteus animalcule, colourless blood corpuscles, bacteria, moulds, stone-worts, bracken, bean-plant, mussels, lobsters, frogs, &c.—are taken as examples of the leading modifications of structure in the vegetable and animal worlds; and a brief description of each is given, with detailed instructions as to the chief facts relating to each, so that the terms used in biology may be represented by clear and

definite images, and "a firm foundation laid upon which to build up special knowledge." We are glad to observe the distinct attention to humanity which is shown in the instructions as to dissection:—"Lay a frog which has been killed with chloroform on its back," &c.; "The pulsation of the heart should be studied in a frog rendered insensible by chloroform or by being pithed;" and we presume it is only by an inadvertence that this caution is not inserted, as a general rule, at the beginning of the instructions, so as to apply to the third experiment.

For some years past a series of popular scientific lectures* has been given in Manchester by the Professors of Owens College and other men of science, and the plan has proved highly successful. In 1866, the first year of the experiment, upwards of four thousand persons attended the thirteen lectures of the season. In 1870 the attendance had risen to nine thousand. These numbers have not been maintained, no doubt because the novelty of the lectures has passed away; but there appears to be a steady audience of some seven hundred who regularly attend, while of course special lectures attract more largely. Moreover, the lectures are also published, and have a very wide circulation. There can be no doubt that in this way good work is being done in the diffusion of scientific knowledge and a taste for scientific research; and great credit is due to the gentlemen who have kept up the movement both by their personal efforts and liberality. The three volumes of lectures now before us are full of varied and interesting instruction, and form a cheap supply of excellent family reading.

Mr. Hartley has republished, with some additions, the substance of a course of lectures delivered at the Royal Institution.† He gives a very good summary of the principal features of the subject, and especially of the discoveries of M. Pasteur, the French chemist. Mr. Hartley questions the accuracy of some of Dr. Bastian's experiments and the conclusions drawn from them.

The second part of Mr. Palgrave's *Children's Treasury of English Song*‡ displays the same delicate taste and happy discrimination as the earlier one, and of course affords scope for a higher range of thought and feeling. It is a little volume which not only children, but all lovers of the best poetry, can enjoy. Its modest size and limp cover irresistibly suggest it as a pocket-companion, and a weary journey or detention might thus be delightfully sojourned.

Sir R. K. Wilson has undertaken to fill up what is undoubtedly a gap in the history of English law.§ We have in Blackstone's *Commentaries*, in so far as they are to be trusted, a comprehensive view of the state of the law at the time at which he wrote, and there are also abundant means of ascertaining what the law is at the present moment. It is of great importance, however, to observe the nature of the changes which have taken place during the intervening period, and the student has hitherto been at a loss for any systematic information on this subject. It has been Sir R. Wilson's object to supply this deficiency, and he has succeeded in doing so to a certain extent in a very clear and interesting manner. It could have been wished that he had applied himself to a more thorough and exhaustive work; but an author has a right to be judged by the aim which he has himself chosen, and the effort in the present instance is limited by the conditions of an educational text-book intended for general use. It is only justice to say that as far as it goes it is very well done, though the writer has, we think rather erred in allowing his own bias for a particular school of legal philosophy to appear so conspicuously. He adopts Sir Henry Maine's remark that there is scarcely a single law reform effected since Bentham's day which cannot be traced to his influence, which is no doubt in a sense true; but in the actual development of the law other agencies—such as that of the judges—have also been at work, and to these Sir R. Wilson is hardly fair. The first part of the book gives a sketch of English law at the beginning of the reign of George III.; next we have an account of Bentham's endeavours to rationalize and purify it; and, finally, a review of the principal changes which have been made in the law since that period. There are no doubt a good many persons who suppose that the law has been always pretty much the same as that with which they are acquainted, and who will find it highly instructive to turn over the pages of this volume, and to observe in what comparatively recent days a new direction has been taken on various important questions, or a great advance made on former stagnation.

Mr. Barnett Smith's mission is, it seems, to disclose to the world various forms of literary genius of which he fancies it might otherwise remain ignorant, and he has apparently come to the conclusion that, in doing this service for others, he is bound also to do justice to himself. In the preface to his *Poets and Novelists*|| he therefore favours us with a modest estimate of his own gifts. It is possible, indeed, that without this authoritative guidance, some of his readers might fail to discover either the "exhaustiveness" or the "permanent value" which he attributes

* *Scientific Lectures for the People; Delivered at Manchester.* 1866-74. 3 vols. Manchester: Heywood. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

† *Air, and its Relations to Life.* By Walter Noel Hartley. Longmans & Co.

‡ *The Children's Treasury of English Song.* Second Part. Selected and Arranged, with Notes, by Francis Thomas Palgrave. Macmillan.

§ *History of Modern English Law.* By Sir R. K. Wilson, Bart. Rivingtons.

|| *Poets and Novelists: a Series of Literary Studies.* By George Barnett Smith. Smith, Elder, & Co.

* *The Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants.* By Charles Darwin, F.R.S. Second Edition, revised. With Illustrations. John Murray.

† *A Course of Practical Instruction in Elementary Biology.* By T. H. Huxley, LL.D., assisted by H. N. Martin, M.B., D.Sc. Macmillan & Co.

so complacently to his own writings. The various articles here collected have already, we gather, done duty as padding for the magazines, and they appear to be neither better nor worse than the ordinary sort of matter which is used for that purpose. Mr. Smith writes fluently and not unintelligently, and repeats the usual commonplaces which one might expect from a man of fair reading on such subjects as Thackeray, Mrs. Browning, Hawthorne, Fielding, and so on, with the most innocent faith in his own depth and originality. His book is the sort of thing which might be very suitable for a young man of imperfect education beginning to have some curiosity about books; but it is presumably of a higher class of readers that Mr. Smith is thinking, and we should imagine that these have hardly been waiting all this time for his advent with the news that the various poets and novelists enumerated have really something in them. It appears to be one of Mr. Smith's illusions that he is the discoverer of a previously obscure man of letters of the name of Peacock, who would never have been heard of had not this discerning critic awarded "the first full and substantial recognition of his genius." We fancy, for our own part, that we heard of Mr. Peacock before we ever heard of Mr. Smith. There is also an essay on Fielding, which, we must say, is about as stale and flimsy a piece of goods in that way as can possibly be imagined, and no doubt we shall soon be told that, thanks to Mr. Smith's kindly recognition, *Tom Jones* has received "much fuller attention." Thackeray, Mrs. Browning, and the Brontës are, we should suppose, equally well known, though Mr. Smith will no doubt take credit for any new editions of their works which may be issued. Perhaps the best measure of Mr. Smith's capacity for discriminating criticism is to compare the outrageous eulogy of Mr. Robert Buchanan with his professed respect for Mrs. Browning. The notice of Thackeray contains some biographical details which give it a certain interest; but for the most part the weakness of thought in these criticisms is in accordance with the empty pretentiousness of the style.

The second volume of what may be regarded as the official edition of Comte's writings for English readers has just been published. It contains a translation by Mr. Frederic Harrison of the second part of the *Positive Polity*†, the first part of which has been translated by Dr. Bridges. The subject of the present volume is "Social Statics, or the Abstract Theory of Human Order"; and the translator at the outset offers a significant warning that "it is taken up with the most abstract theories of the most difficult of all sciences," and suggests that ordinary people will only puzzle themselves hopelessly over "transcendental problems" which they cannot hope to understand. It is needless to say that the translation is made with scrupulous, and even painful, closeness and accuracy.

Mr. H. Dunning Macleod has issued the first volume of a new edition of his well-known work on Banking‡, which he has in several respects remodelled and simplified, besides bringing it down to the latest date. Mr. Macleod claims credit for having advocated the doctrine, now generally acknowledged to be the true one, that the rate of discount ought to be adjusted according to the reserve of bullion in the Bank of England and the state of foreign exchanges. He also points out that, under the new judicature system, the scandal of two conflicting systems of jurisprudence with respect to instruments of credit will be put an end to, and that equitable principles on this subject, such as he has always supported, will now prevail.

Mr. Jeans has written a careful and connected history of the Stockton and Darlington Railway †, under the authority and with the assistance of the Directors of the Company, as a memorial of railway progress. His volume also contains interesting sketches of Edward Pease, Jonathan Backhouse, and other promoters of the first English railway.

An *Introduction to Practical Farming* §, by Mr. T. Baldwin, Superintendent of the Agricultural Department of National Education in Ireland, is well adapted for teaching purposes, and is also a very useful and convenient handbook for any one who wishes to get a general idea of agricultural processes. We do not mean to say that any one with this book in his hand would be able to begin at once to manage a farm; but, if he mastered its contents, he would have a thorough understanding of the leading principles and practical conditions of the business. The writer gives his information in the plainest and most straightforward way, and confines himself strictly to his subject. It is rarely that one finds so much good matter compressed so compactly and yet distinctly.

The legal changes || which have just begun to come into opera-

tion have an interest not only for those who are professionally concerned in them, but also for the public, which must naturally be anxious to know how the new system affects the position of suitors; and any one who wishes to study the subject, either in minute practical detail, or in its general aspects, has an embarrassing choice of digests and commentaries to select from. We cannot attempt anything like close criticism of works of this class, but we may say that Mr. Arthur Wilson's edition of the Act appears to give perhaps the clearest and most comprehensive view of the new procedure, while that of Mr. Holdsworth is the most compact and handy for common use. Mr. Griffith also works out the practice very carefully. Sir P. Colquhoun prefixes to his consolidation of the various Acts and sets of orders an interesting historical introduction.

Dr. Parkin, in a pamphlet on the connexion between climate and phthisis*, challenges the theory that wetness of soil is a cause of this form of disease, and asserts that, on the contrary, the draining of moist lands has been found to foster, instead of checking it. The object of his argument appears to be to show that it is a mistake for consumptive patients to seek a remedy at the ordinary places of resort in warm climates, such as the shores of the Mediterranean, Algeria, Madeira, and so on, and that it would be much better for them to stay at home. What such patients have most to fear is, he holds, exhaustion arising from heat, and sudden and violent changes of temperature, and to these dangers they expose themselves by going abroad. On the other hand, although there are in England frequent changes of weather, they are very limited in their range, and comparatively innocuous. In short, his conclusion is that the chalk downs and cliffs of England are the healthiest situations in the world, though he admits that discretion must of course be shown in the choice of a place of residence at particular seasons. Brighton, for instance, is probably the best place of all for an invalid, from the beginning of September to Christmas, but the east wind in the spring must be avoided.

A revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Picton's interesting *Memorials of Liverpool*†, which have already been noticed in our pages (*Saturday Review*, June 21, 1873) will be welcome to students of local history, as well as those who take a wider view of the subject.

In a couple of volumes appropriately bound in the colour of gore, we have an abridged translation of the so-called *Memoirs of the Sansons*‡, by Henry Sanson, "late Executioner of the Court of Justice of Paris," which was published some thirteen years ago. The greater part of the work is a compilation from the French criminal records, and presents a curious review of a painful subject. The account, however, which is given of the personal participation of the Sanson family in the executions of two centuries is written in a snivelling and canting tone, and reads like bad fiction of the penny dreadful school.

A new edition of the Rev. G. Butler's *Atlas of Modern Geography* § has been brought out in small royal octavo size, which is believed to be more convenient for school use than the quarto form previously adopted. The quarto, however, will continue to be issued for those who prefer it. The characteristic feature of this Atlas is the distinctness and accuracy with which names are marked and physical features represented; all places of any consequence are given, while the overcrowding which so often confuses and bewilders the eye is carefully avoided.

Mr. C. Bird has prepared a series of outline maps||, containing the chief places, rivers, mountains, &c., simply marked by numerals, the names being relegated to an index, to which the figures refer. This system is said to be very useful both for teaching and examination.

How to Live Long¶ is a reprint of an American work, in which scraps of moral counsel and medical prescriptions are mingled in grotesque confusion. The maxims are of the usual copy-line sort:—"A cheerful disposition is the sunshine of the soul," "Never use any expletive more comprehensive than 'often' or 'very'; let 'awful,' 'never,' and 'tremendous' be expunged from your vocabulary." The author seems to have a horror of cold water, and is in favour of old women's coddling cures. English publishers must be very hard up for decent literature when they think it worth while to reproduce such vulgar rubbish.

Any one who wishes to study the absurdities of the so-called Spiritualists will find abundant materials in *Where are the Dead?*** a compilation by an enthusiastic believer of "the results of twelve

* *System of Positive Polity*. Vol. II. By Auguste Comte. Translated by Frederic Harrison, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn. Longmans & Co.

† *The Theory and Practice of Banking*. By Henry Dunning Macleod. Third Edition. Vol. I. Longmans & Co.

‡ *Jubilee Memorial of the Railway System*. By J. S. Jeans. Longmans & Co.

§ *Introduction to Practical Farming*. For the Use of Schools. By Thomas Baldwin. Macmillan.

|| *The Supreme Court of Judicature Act, 1873 and 1875; with Rules and Orders*. By Arthur Wilson. Stevens & Sons.

¶ *The Judicature Acts*. Edited by W. A. Holdsworth. Routledge & Sons.

¶ *The Judicature Acts*. Edited by W. Donnes Griffith. Stevens & Haynes.

¶ *The Judicature Acts*. Edited by Sir Patrick Colquhoun, Q.C., LL.D. Clayton & Co., Bouverie Street.

* *Climate and Phthisis: or, the Influence of Climate on the Production and Prevention of Phthisis*. By John Parkin, M.D., F.R.C.S. Longmans & Co.

† *Memorials of Liverpool, Historical and Topographical; including a History of the Dock Estate*. By J. A. Picton. Second Edition. 2 vols. Longmans & Co.

‡ *Memoirs of the Sansons*. Edited by Henry Sanson, late Executioner of the Court of Justice of Paris. 2 vols. Chatto & Windus.

§ *The Public Schools Atlas of Modern Geography*. By Rev. G. Butler. New Edition. Longmans, Green, & Co.

|| *A Series of Twelve Maps for Map Drawing and Examination*. By Charles Bird. E. Stanford.

¶ *How to Live Long; or, Health Maxims, Physical, Mental, and Moral*. By W. W. Hall, M.D. Sampson Low & Co.

** *Where are the Dead? or, Spiritualism Explained*. By Fritz. Third Edition. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

months' study of the phenomena and literature of Spiritualism." As might be expected, the writer appears to be reduced to sheer idiocy.

Mr. Amery, Deputy-Conservator, N.-W. Provinces, India, furnishes some good practical Notes on Forestry*, in which he gives the results of his own experience. He lays great stress on the necessity of making provision for the reproduction of all the wood cut down as an essential principle in true forestry.

Mr. A. H. Smee† has printed in a small volume a series of analyses of milk derived from his own herd and other cattle in his neighbourhood during twelve months, which have led him to the conclusion, among other things, that milk from individual cows is liable to considerable variation, that milk can be in various ways the vehicle of contagion, and that the methods employed by public analysts are not sufficiently delicate to detect the minute changes which may at times take place in so complex a fluid as milk.

Strange Stories‡ is a work which rather baffles, if it does not defy, criticism. It is easy to say that it is absurd, preposterous, and in every way ridiculous, but then the author would claim this as an acknowledgment of the successful accomplishment of his object. It might also perhaps be said that one ought to be ashamed to laugh at such nonsense, but here again "Silly Billy" might reply that, as long as he makes people laugh, their being ashamed does not matter to him. The intention appears to be to introduce the extravagance of American humour into English story-telling, and it must be admitted that the writer does this in a most audacious manner. If we were to try to be critical, we might say that there is perhaps occasionally too much method in his madness, and a deeper meaning aimed at than is consistent with the folly of the game. *Strange Stories* is certainly not a book which we can fancy any one reading straight through, but, like some other relishes which would be sickening in a gulp, it may be taken in casual sips. It is just the sort of book we should recommend for special jurymen waiting their turn in court, or for a dentist's parlour.

Mr. Woodgate§, who is known as not only an expert oarsman, but one of the first of boating authorities, has compressed into a small volume the results of his long studies and experience. Mr. Woodgate thoroughly understands the subject of which he treats, and writes in a clear and vigorous style, which brings what he has to describe vividly before the reader's mind. He is decidedly in favour of the new system of sliding seats, when the sliding is properly attended to; and is also of opinion that a four-oar boat without a coxswain is, when adequately manned and found, more conducive to good rowing than any other class of light boat. Mr. Woodgate's manual may be recommended as decidedly the best that has yet appeared.

Mr. Henry Lee||, the naturalist of the Brighton Aquarium, has written an interesting account of the now famous octopus, which he has had especially favourable opportunities of observing in all its ways. There is an amusing chapter in which he exposes the absurdity of M. Victor Hugo's description of the devil-fish.

The Rev. Dr. Maurice Davies, having exhausted the stock materials of his indefatigable penny-a-lining in one form, now hashes them up in another, this time avowedly as fiction. *Broad Church*¶ is offered as a picture of the religious doubts and difficulties of the age, and appears to be intended as a plea for more complete emancipation from conventional doctrines and practices. The dangerous consequences of throwing off the ordinary restraints of professional manners and decorum are certainly painfully exhibited by the author himself. The book in itself is dull and stupid to the last degree, and nothing more depressing can be imagined than its vulgar imbecility; but the position of the writer makes it in other respects a more serious offence.

* *Notes on Forestry.* By C. F. Amery. Trübner.

† *Milk in Health and Disease.* By A. Hutchinson Smee, M.R.C.S. E. Newman.

‡ *Strange Stories.* From *Vanity Fair.* By Silly Billy. "Vanity Fair" Office.

§ *Oars and Sculls; and How to Use Them.* By Walter Bradford Woodgate. Bell & Sons.

|| *The Octopus.* By Henry Lee. Chapman & Hall.

¶ *Broad Church.* A Novel. By Dr. Maurice Davies. 3 vols. Tinsley Brothers.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—NOTICE TO ARTISTS.—The results of the Exhibition and Sales of this Season have been so gratifying that the Directors will again offer Gold, Silver, and Bronze MEDALS for the BEST PICTURES and DRAWINGS EXHIBITED for 1875-7. Due notice will be given of the days for receiving New Works.—Apply to Mr. C. W. WASS, Superintendent of the Picture Gallery.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FOURTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES will be OPEN on Monday, November 29, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East.

ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRÆTORIUM," with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "The Night of the Crucifixion," "La Vierge," "Soldiers of the Cross," "Christian Martyrs," "Gaming Table," &c.—DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

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MALVERN COLLEGE. THE EXAMINATION for SCHOLARSHIPS and EXHIBITIONS will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 21 and 22. For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

REV. J. V. DURELL, Rector of Fulbourn, near Cambridge, late Fellow and Tutor of St. John's Coll., Cambridge, receives PUPILS to be prepared for the Universities, &c.

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SOCIETY of ARTS.—ARRANGEMENTS for the SESSION. EVENING MEETINGS of the Society will be held on the following dates, subject to any alterations which may be found necessary:

	Cantor Lectures.			African Meetings.			Ordinary Meetings.		
	Mondays.			Tuesdays.			Wednesdays.		
1875.									
November	6	13	20	—	—	—	1	8	15
December	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
1876.									
January	—	17	24	31	—	—	—	19	26
February	7	14	21	—	—	—	—	16	23
March	—	—	—	14	—	—	—	8	15
April	3	—	—	24	—	—	—	9	16
May	1	—	—	—	9	—	—	10	17
The Chair will be taken at 8 o'clock at each of the above Meetings.									
The Annual General Meeting will be held on June 28, 1876, at 4 o'clock.									
At the Evening Meetings of the Society will be held on the following dates, subject to any alterations which may be found necessary:									
Improvements, Discoveries, and other matters connected with the Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce of the Country will be Read and Discussed.									

SOCIETY of ARTS.—ORDINARY MEETINGS. November 17.—Opening Address by Lord ALFRED S. CHURCHILL, Chairman of the Council. November 24.—On the Registration of Trade Marks, by H. T. WOOD, Esq., B.A. December 1.—On the Legislative Enactments requisite for Safe Conduct of Sewage Grounds, by ALFRED SMER, Esq., F.R.S. December 8.—On the Mode of Levying the Sugar Duties in France, and its Influence on the Sugar Industries of Great Britain, by Professor LEON LÉVI, F.R.S., &c. December 15.—On Health, Comfort, and Cleanliness in the House, by THOMAS BLANCHILL, Esq., A.R.I.B.A. December 22.—On a Method of Producing Pure Charcoal, directly from the Ore, by HENRY LARKIN, Esq. The Arrangements subsequent to Christmas will be duly announced.

SOCIETY of ARTS.—SECTIONAL MEETINGS.—The Indian, African, and Chymical Sections will each hold Meetings during the Session. The Dates for these Meetings are given in the Calendar above, and the Subjects will be announced in the Society's Journal.

SOCIETY of ARTS.—CANTOR LECTURES.—Three Courses of Cantor Lectures will be delivered during the Session. The First, by Dr. TRUDGEM, On the Discovery and Philosophy of Isidic, with special reference to their influence upon the advancement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce; the Second, by W. MATTHEW WILLIAMS, Esq., On Steel Manufacture; the Third, by GEORGE JARVIS, Esq., On Wool Dyeing. The Second and Third Courses have been arranged with special reference to the Society's Technological Examinations.

SOCIETY of ARTS.—SPECIAL LECTURES.—A Series of Reports has been prepared by Dr. RICHARDSON, appointed by the Council to make special inquiry into the subject of Unhealthy Trades. These will be delivered in the form of Lectures on Friday Evenings in December, January, and February.

SOCIETY of ARTS.—JUVENILE LECTURES.—Two Lectures, addressed to the Children of Members, will be delivered during the Christmas Holidays.

SOCIETY of ARTS.—EXAMINATIONS.—Examinations will be held in 1876 in Commercial Knowledge, in the Technology of various Arts and Manufactures, in Domestic and Sanitary Science, and in Fine Art applied to Industry. Programmes may be obtained on application.

SOCIETY of ARTS.—NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL for MUSIC.—The Society will continue during the Session its action in aid of the establishment of a National Training School for Music and the foundation of Free Scholarships as a means of carrying on its work.

SOCIETY of ARTS.—CONVERSAZIONE.—The Annual Conversazione will be held at the close of the Session.

SOCIETY of ARTS.—JOURNAL.—The Society's Weekly Journal contains reports of the various Papers, Lectures, Discussions, and Proceedings of the Society, and other information connected with Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.

SOCIETY of ARTS.—MEMBERSHIP.—Every Member whose Subscription is not in arrear, is entitled to be present at all Evening Meetings of the Society, and to introduce two Visitors at such meetings, subject to such special arrangements as the Council may deem necessary to be made from time to time; to be present and vote at all General Meetings of the Society; to be present at the Cantor Lectures, and to introduce one Visitor; to have personal Free Admission to all Exhibitions held by the Society at its house in the Adelphi; to be present at all the Society's Conversations; to receive a copy of the Weekly Journal published by the Society; to the use of the Library and Reading-room. Subscription.—The annual subscription is Two Guineas, payable in advance, and dates from the quarter-day immediately preceding election; or a sum of Twenty Guineas, in lieu of all further contributions, may be paid. Persons desirous of joining the Society should address the Secretary, at the Society's House, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

By order, P. LE NEVE FOSTER, Secretary.

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